

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

#### The Edinburgh Review. No. XCIII.

We are not prone to take offence at the petty attacks which rivalry may engender against the *Literary Gazette*, nor to resent more grave imputations. Uninterrupted success is the best answer to envious malignity; and a steady perseverance in exertions to maintain and improve the character of our Journal for intelligence, has generally been our only and contemptuous notice of the falsehoods attempted to be palmed on the public against us. We have laughed at the monstrous egotistical puffs of starting imitators, and quietly waited the inevitable extinction of these unparalleled constellations of literature. But when a publication of the rank of the *Edinburgh Review* adopts this dirty system of disparaging others, in order that it may exalt itself, its partisans, and parasites, it becomes us to expose the imposture, to repel the insult, and to punish the offender. We address ourselves to Mr. Jeffrey; and we charge him with gross illiberality and untruth towards the *Literary Gazette*, and with notorious quackery and puffing towards his own associates.

But before we trample down this mean and disreputable conduct, we will venture to examine a little into the claims of the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review* to pronounce so dogmatically upon his contemporaries. It is not because one publishes in a quarterly-book shape, and another in a weekly sheet, that the right of depreciating belongs to the former; nor are either the merits or the influence of periodicals to be measured by such a standard. Mr. Jeffrey is much mistaken, if he flatters himself that the *Edinburgh Review* possesses the weight it once possessed with the public: on the contrary, it is felt throughout the community that its strength has departed from it, and that a volume made up of some half-dozen articles of rhetorical flourishing, and heavy essays on by-gone authors and stale political speculations, has no pretensions whatever to be considered a literary oracle, or an organ of critical judgment. Let us look, for example, at the very No. in which we are so unfairly dealt with, and we shall see nothing in the judicature that has presumed to vilify us, which should render us uneasy under its partial sentence.

The last No. of "the *Edinburgh*" contains no fewer than eleven reviews!—1. of Dryden's Poetry, a very new subject; 2. of several works on Dietetics, a medical essay; 3. of National Debt and Taxation, a political pamphlet; 4. of volumes respecting New South Wales; 5. of the Wakefields' Trial, an important affair truly! 6. of Pestalozzi's Education, linked to Bacon's Novum Organon, in order to introduce the puff superlative of the tracts published by Mr. Jeffrey's friends of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; 7. of the East India Stamp Act, another political pamphlet; 8. of Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, a poor, meagre notice; 9. of Emigration, politics encore; 10. of a Sermon, a

work of course of high importance; and 11. of the late Ministerial Changes, another political pamphlet. Thus the Aristarchus of the age has not (with the exception of an old poet) condescended to notice one publication above a temporary character, and yet perks himself upon the pedestal of dictatorial dominion, on the authority of half-a-dozen miserable, party, and factious pamphlets, a medical lecture, a law case, a single sermon, and a voyage with convicts! And this is the mirror of the learning and science and polite literature of Great Britain!!!

In candour, we will confess that we have not been able to force ourselves to read this Review;—we question if any individual in the kingdom has done so; but we have perused enough of it to warrant an opinion that it is a compound of trite, common-place trash, and elaborate, uninteresting heaviness;—that its middle is worthy of its beginning and ending,—the first paragraph and the last being sheer nonsense, and desperate bad grammar to boot!!!

\* Here are these first and last passages. "The public voice has assigned to Dryden the first place in the second rank of our poets—no mean station in a table of intellectual precedence so rich in illustrious names. It is allowed, that, even of the few who were his superiors in genius, none has exercised a more extensive or permanent influence on the national habits of thought and expression. His life was commensurate with the period during which a great revolution in the public taste was effected; and in that revolution he played the part of Cromwell. By unscrupulously taking the lead in its wildest excesses, he obtained the absolute guidance of it. By trampling on laws, he acquired the authority of a legislator. By signalling himself as the most daring and irreverent of rebels, he raised himself to the dignity of a recognised prince. He commenced his career by the most frantic outrages. He terminated it in the repose of established sovereignty,—the author of a new code, the root of a new dynasty."

Dryden, agreeably to this brilliant effusion, held "a first place in the second rank;" but, nevertheless, enjoyed "established sovereignty" (i. e. see Johnson, supremacy, highest place, supreme power, highest degree of excellence); and though he had "superiors in genius," "none" of them has exercised a more extensive or permanent influence; and how should any of them have done so, when this second-rank sovereign was absolutely "the author of a new code, the root of a new dynasty?"—of second ranks, we suppose. We need not point out the foolish paradoxes, which the mere sound of words seems to have generated, about playing the part of a Cromwell!; about obtaining the guidance of the revolution by taking the lead in it (which, though put among the paradoxes, is not one, but a very obvious method and conclusion);—about trampling on laws and rebelling, as steps to legislative power, and being recognised "a prince" (a historical fact of which we were before ignorant). These things are only nonsense; but their utter and rank absurdity is sealed by their complete contradiction in the very next sentence—where we learn, to our astonishment, that not Dryden, but circumstances, caused all these wonders which the admirable critic had just attributed to the poet: for, says he, "Of Dryden, however, as of almost every man who has been distinguished either in the literary or in the political world, it may be said, that the course which he pursued, and the effect which he produced, depended less on his personal qualities than on the circumstances in which he was placed. Those who have read history with discrimination [like myself, to wit?], know the fallacy of those panegyrics and invectives, which represent individuals as effecting great moral and intellectual revolutions, subverting established systems, and imprinting a new character on their age."

So much for the opening of the *Edinburgh Review*, and for the substance on which it has to support its tone of arrogance! The concluding paragraph of the Number

† In this article on Dryden, the writer, who is reported to be a young gentleman of talents, speaks with unmeasured

"All the talents" in the political world seems to have been but the shadow of a bragadocio, when compared with Mr. Jeffrey's assumption of all the talents in letters and criticism:

As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,  
Let no dog bark.

except the curs I keep to tend my heels, and be rewarded with sops of praise and puffery. These are clever dogs, perfect Tobys for sagacity; can read, yea, and write; and, if need be, can fetch or carry, fawn or snap. It would be well for the credit of the *Edinburgh Review* that it left the venal work to such creatures: what would not so ill befit them, is contemptible, as well as obnoxious, in it. But, not to fatigue our readers, we come to the quick article on the Diffusion of Knowledge; one of the strongest examples of the puff direct that ever disgraced the most servile journal.

"We have repeatedly (says the Puffer) called the attention of our readers to the important labours of an institution, hardly a year old, which has already shewn a vigour and skill in its operations that bid fair to place its foundation in the very highest rank among the events of our age"!!!—"The first great work undertaken was the series of treatises, called the 'Library of Useful Knowledge.' 'Scarcely nine months have elapsed,' says the Report, 'since the first publication issued from the press; and at the close of the last year, a circulation of nearly 20,000 of each treatise has been established.'"—"The series of history and biography is about to be commenced; and a pledge seems to be given, that these subjects shall be handled with perfect calmness and impartiality, but with a constant adherence to the general principles of the society; that is, to the doctrines of liberty and peace. Our views on this point have already been given; and surely so great, so useful a work, never yet has been achieved by literary men."—"But besides the continuance of the library now publishing, another is, we find, about to appear under the society's auspices; it is termed the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, and is to comprise 'as much entertaining matter as can be given along with useful knowledge, and as much knowledge as can be conveyed in an amusing form.' We own that our expectations are unbounded of the good to be done by this series of works."—"The next object of the society is one of the last import-

is equally felicitous, where the editor protests against the incognito of his writers being violated (as if public curiosity burnt to know whence emanated these glorious lights)—he thus expresses himself:—

"We have no great reliance on the effect of this warning; but some recent instances of extravagant and annoying blunders seemed to impose it on us as a duty to give it. Most certain it is, that those who take it upon them, every quarter, to inform the public by whom each article in our new Number is written, can by possibility know nothing of the matter."

Is this English, or French ill translated into bad Scotch? The wiles which can by possibility know nothing of the matter, may probably know something of it!!!

volubility of "the absurdities into which the greatest writers have fallen," till he arose to instruct the world on the subject of "general rules for composition," and judging of others!!!

ance; the defective course of reading adopted in this country, time out of mind, for children."—"We trust the society will take proper steps for multiplying these works in great variety, and also for setting the fashion, so to speak, of bringing them into constant use. A highly useful work, recently published by the committee, is mentioned in the next part of the report—the British Almanac."—"The extraordinary effects likely to follow from the great improvement introduced by the society, of applying the division of labour to literary undertakings, in a systematic manner, and on an ample scale, fill the mind with the most pleasing ideas of the future progress of the human race."

Ye matchless blacking-manufacturers, ye Hunts and ye Eadys, ye makers of Macassar oil and curling fluids, ye inventors of razor strops and tooth-powders, hide your diminished heads, before this master-puffer of the age, though even yet we have not shewn you more than half his skill. It is not enough to boast thus of our own performances—to tell how many we sell in good round numbers—to announce the other marvels that are about to issue from our fertile loins—to speak of our works in such modest terms—and to prognosticate, that we, like so many Drydens, are to "repose in established sovereignty," the "authors of new codes and roots of new dynasties," changing the whole aspect of the literary, moral, and political world, now and for evermore. It is not enough to proclaim these facts of "the last importance;" to make it known that the school-master is abroad, birch in hand, and the march of intellect, headed by such talented personages as we are, and the spread of knowledge, and universal—humbug. We must and will do more than all this by the hocus pocus of our entirely novel idea "of applying the division of labour to literary undertakings,"—an invention (borrowed from pin, and turned to paragraph making) utterly unheard of in the history of mankind—in fine, we are also going to patronise a weekly journal! It is to be called the Verulam, and all that have preceded it are nothing but trumpery.

"The success of some late literary journals only proves the demand for such matter, not, we fear, the capacity of their conductors adequately and worthily to supply it; the scissors being in truth the mechanical power mainly brought into play by those humble, though very useful personages. But the Verulam professes a higher aim, and indeed a wider scope, being devoted to science as well as learning, with the aid of finished engravings, and purporting to give some pages of common news, for the convenience of country readers. If its execution be at all commensurate to the usefulness of its plan, no undertaking can be more meritorious. Indeed, its publication may form an era in the history of knowledge; and, instead of sinking science to the level of newspaper discussion, may, among other valuable consequences, have the effect of raising the standard of this species of publication."

The Verulam has appeared, and "may have the effect of raising the standard" in question; but as yet its "finished engravings" have only been miserable wooden blotches, the laughing-stock of artists, and the shame of its own publishers. The very patrons of the undertaking, the committee-men of such "unbounded" promise and ridiculous performance, have disown-

\* This is a poser! and to guess what the writer means would puzzle a conjurer! It is, however, of the last importance, and must, we suppose, have something to do with school-books for children!

ed their mountain-born mouse as an abortion and failure. Now, with regard to this attempt at decrying the *Literary Gazette* (for it is the only literary journal that could be alluded to in the foregoing quotation), we will tell Mr. Jeffrey, that, so far from scissors being its principal power, there are not fifty paragraphs in a twelve-month cut from any other publication whatever, and never one without acknowledging its source. We will tell him, that the best writers of the better days of his own Review have, with hardly an exception, been considerable contributors to the *Literary Gazette*, in common with almost every author of eminence in the country. We will tell him, that there is not a single No. of ours but costs more research, and is supplied by a larger proportion of "the systematic division of labour," than any No. of the *Edinburgh Review*. We will tell him, that our circulation and influence on public opinion is beyond comparison greater than his own. And we will tell him, that our year's volume presents a pregnant, original, and honest record of the literature, the sciences, the fine arts, the manners, and amusements of the passing time,—which his long dry essays on exhausted topics, and dissections of defunct literature, do not possess.

It may be curious and not uninteresting to readers, to state analytically the contents of the quarter's *Literary Gazette*, which is finished in this No., to prove how strong and wide the combination of its contributors must be to furnish them, and how false and scandalous is the aspersion of the *Edinburgh Review*. The Reviews are of 10 quarto, 67 octavo, 58 duodecimo, and 18 volumes of other descriptions; in all, 153 new publications. Of every one of these the public is enabled to form a fair and just opinion. Is this "scissor" work, Mr. Jeffrey?—Respecting important expeditions in distant regions, six particular and original papers have appeared, giving the latest intelligence from Captain Beechey in the North Pacific, from Ava, from Fernando Po, and from other parts of Africa. Are these scissor-work, Mr. Jeffrey? such scissor-work would greatly enhance the interest of the *Edinburgh Review*.—In science, there have been six astronomical papers applicable to the period; and no fewer than sixty-five descriptions of new inventions and discoveries,—including medicine, the able lectures at the Royal Institution, the proceedings of other scientific bodies in London, Paris, India, &c., and improvements of every kind. These have been chiefly supplied by the most distinguished practical inquirers and successful experimentalists of the age; and the remainder from the best foreign journals of every nation, ransacked for the purpose. Is this your scissor-work, "in truth," Mr. Jeffrey?—In the Fine Arts, competent artists and connoisseurs have criticised above a hundred and twenty pictures and other productions in public exhibitions; and forty-eight distinct publications of engravings, &c., including a history of one branch of the art, lithography, of very considerable research and talent. The architectural improvement, or rather disfigurement, of the metropolis has been fully treated, by very intelligent professors. Is this scissor-work, Mr. Jeffrey?—To the graceful department of Original Poetry, several of the most popular living writers have contributed beautiful compositions: and in the lighter branch of Sketches of Society, there have been nine papers of various character, derived from sources to which, if it could, the *Edinburgh Review* would joyfully resort. And is this scissor-work, honest Mr. Jeffrey?

—Original Correspondence, by acute and observant individuals, engaged for that purpose, has been given weekly from France, Portugal, Italy, and Germany. Are these indited by scissors, Mr. Jeffrey?—Biographies of Lady Caroline Lamb, Mr. Neele, and Sir J. Smith, have been inserted. Are these scissor-works, Mr. Jeffrey?—The Drama has been ably and spiritedly criticised, to the extent of nearly half an ordinary octavo volume. Is this scissor-work, good Mr. Jeffrey?—Notices of above twenty pieces of new music; a mass of literary intelligence of every class; many varieties, of a grave and gay cast; abundant extracts from the books reviewed, in order to justify the opinions pronounced upon them, and also to instruct and entertain readers with their most striking contents,—fill up the measure of this single quarter's *Literary Gazette*: and we will thank Mr. Jeffrey to contrast it with his No. XCIII., and pause before he again tries falsely to vilify such exertions with the injurious appellation of scissor-work.

We wish we were at liberty to mention the names of our co-adjutors in this Periodical: their number and their eminent characters would surprise Mr. Jeffrey: suffice it, as an example, to mention, that, though not a subject of the greatest difficulty, the pens of no fewer than five authors of celebrity were employed in the *matériel* and writing of the single article which began our last No. This, we presume, looks something like the organised system of a division of labour, which Mr. Jeffrey claims as a grand discovery for his friends in the Diffusion line. How else, indeed, could matter to the amount of several volumes (from the mode of printing in columns &c.) be thus produced every three months? But this is the scissor-work of our honourable and veracious Reviewer.\*

We trust it will not be thought that we have trespassed on the patience of our friends, in the exposure of this disingenuous conduct, especially as the matter is as much of public as of private concern; and we are sure it is not so dull as "The Edinburgh," on its everlasting themes of taxation, emigration, education, administration, exhumation, and all that ends in (hum)-ation. We have, indeed, little more to say, though there are yet two or three points in this Review, on which we should like briefly to touch. Let us premise, that we are quite as warm advocates as the *Edinburgh Review*, or the Committee that manages the tract publications of the London University, for the dissemination of instruction over the whole mass of the people. We are not of those who maintain the vile and foolish proposition, that ignorance is good for man: but we decidedly object to the tone of exaggeration, arrogance, and braggardism, in which the noisy apostles of Diffusion are so fond of indulging, and of which the language quoted from the *Edinburgh Review* is so ludicrous an example. What, after all, are these wholesale dealers in little books doing, or pretending to do, which Sir Richard Phillips did not try with his *Village Libraries* years ago? Their *Useful Knowledge* pamphlets already in circulation, and their *Useless Knowledge* pamphlets which are

\* A remarkable instance of the poor opinion entertained of the *Literary Gazette* by the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, occurred in that northern light, No. 93, we believe, where it stole the whole observations of a short review in the *Literary Gazette*, and spun them out, in the same form and order, into an article of between 30 and 40 pages on the Italian Novelists. Nor is this the only example of the sort: the spread of knowledge has not always originated in the march of the *Edinburgh Reviewer's* own mind, but been pillaged from our store.

† This title has been given to what they have so ab-



announced;\* their almanacs, and their series of histories and biographies; their pap-literature for infants, and their weekly scientific newspapers ("that very important announcement," *Edinburgh Review*, p. 133, which has ended in much rubbish, adorned by a lot of daubs);—what are all these undertakings, but a sort of incorporated attempt at monopoly?—an attempt which is not unworthily propped by inordinate self-landation, and the abuse of others. Their Almanac, mainly compiled from the Almanacs of the Stationers' Company, was thus ushered into the world, not only with prodigious panegyric upon itself, but with an attack upon the publications whence it derived its contents, and written, we are assured, by its own compiler. Their weekly Verulam was protruded under similar egotistical boastings; and the *Edinburgh Review* lent itself alike to the puff and depreciating system. Can any thing be more dishonourable than this, or more deserve the contempt, scorn, and reprobation of the public? And it seems to be too plainly, to use a common phrase, of a piece with the rest of their transactions; transactions so paltry and mean, that it will be well for the London University, if it regards character, to dissociate itself from the quackery of publishing such papers as this of the *Edinburgh*, and propounding "the emancipation of learning and genius from a degrading servitude to the children of trade, which (continues the writer, one of the committee) is a noble design, and fraught with the most lasting good to mankind. The names of the committee afford abundant security, that towards this sacred object, all its profits, be they ever so ample, will be directed." This may be the opinion of the *Edinburgh Reviewer*; but a competition in the book-trade is, to our minds, about as improper and disreputable a course as the New University can enter upon. It had better be abandoned; for neither extravagant and impudent puffing of themselves, nor false representations respecting others, can support it. Nor is it even by seducing young artists from their employers, as in the case of the Wood-Cutters, whom the Committee prevailed upon to leave the master who recommended them to that very Committee, and set up for themselves under its auspices, that can support it. Nor is it the establishment of branch committees, reading clubs, and auxiliary committees (though "there is no town, and not many villages, that ought to be without them," *Edinburgh Review*, 133.)—the old plan, as we have observed of Sir R. Phillips,—it is not tricks of this fashion that can support it. Nor is it the silly, hyperbolic nonsense addressed to the lower orders that can support it. Instead of producing good, this last practice is, in an especial manner, calculated to do much evil. It goes to persuade the multitude, whose information cannot by possibility be other than shallow and imperfect, that they are the wise and the enlightened of their age. It goes to fill their minds with false and unfounded notions; to flatter them into be-

coming followers of these their mis-leaders, by pretending that a few hours (profitably enough) appropriated from mechanical employments, are sufficient to render them learned sages and great philosophers, equal to men who devote their too short lives to the cultivation of perhaps a single study or science, and are bound at the end to confess, with Plato, that all they have learnt only teaches them they know nothing. This is a corrupt and dangerous proceeding; and it is made despicable by the base and paltry artifices which it has been the object of this notice to expose.

*Gomez Arias; or the Moors of the Alpujarras: a Spanish Historical Romance.* By Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THIS work is at once a literary novelty and a literary curiosity;—a novelty, as being the first specimen we have of a Spanish historical romance,—and a curiosity, as being extremely well written in English by a native of Spain. The author, in his preface, remarks on the circumstance, that while the chronicles of other countries have been ransacked for the materials of this popular species of composition, those of Spain, so fruitful in incident and character, have been entirely neglected. To supply the deficiency he has assumed the pen, and his first essay is now before us.

The scene is laid in Grenada and the adjacent mountains; and the action relates to the last struggles by the Moors, after their conquest, and the taking of their capital by Isabella. The portrait of that queen is justly drawn; but the principal persons who figure in the story are Gomez Arias, one of the bravest of captains, though one of the most dangerous, cold-blooded, and ruthless of seducers; Theodora de Montebanco, a beautiful type of woman's love and constancy; Don Alonso de Aguilar, the valiant Spanish commander against the Moors; Leonor, his high-spirited daughter; El Feri and Caneri, the two Moorish leaders; and Bermudo, a renegade, pursuing only a single object in life—to wreak a bloody revenge upon Gomez Arias; to whom we may add the rather comic sketches of Roque, a Spanish valet—and Martha, a Spanish duenna.

What with tournaments, processions, battles, and skirmishes, love adventures, captivities, perils, imprisonments, accidents, and deaths,—the three volumes present a fair variety of events, paint the passions with considerable skill, and exhibit the scenery and circumstances of the age with national tact and ability. One of the chief objections to the romance, however, will be found in the hero (if such a Don Juan may be so called), who is so heartless a ruffian, that no reader can feel an interest in his fate; though it must be owned, that Don Telesforo has succeeded in working up the catastrophe in a very striking manner. But the villain is disgustingly calculating, as well as sanguinary; and his betraying the fond, confiding, and affectionate Theodora a second time into the power of the Moors, is so revolting to humanity, that we cannot help wishing to hear no more of him, except that he was specially hanged to the next tree, for the crows to dissect. Bermudo, his sworn enemy, and another Zanga, is drawn with energy; perhaps with too much individual effect, from commanding stature, thundering voice, withering looks, and the other qualifications usual in this style of person in this style of writing, which enables them to command, where no man durst murmur,—and to threaten and do, where no man durst wag a finger. As

we have described the last-mentioned males as the Juan and Zanga of the history, we may convey a tolerably correct notion of the heroine to our readers, by mentioning her as the Griselda of the piece.

Adhering to our general plan of not anticipating the *dénouement* of a work of this class, we shall content ourselves (and we trust shew no want of hospitality to a clever foreign author), by quoting a passage of some dry humour, and a contrast of greater gravity.

"What is to be the wonder now?" asked Gomez Arias, as he observed his valet and confidant, Roque, approaching, with an unusual expression of gravity upon his countenance, such, indeed, as was seldom discernible in the features of the merry buffoon. "What is it you want?" "I wish to leave your service, señor." "Leave my service! Surely, Roque, you are not tired of so indulgent a master?" "Yes, sir," answered Roque, "I am; and what is more, I have been so these three years—may I speak out?" "Why," said Don Lope, "you never till now asked leave to be impertinent—but let me hear your complaints." "In the first place, you are not rich—a grievous fault." "How can I help that?" demanded Gomez Arias. "Señor, you could have helped it once; but that is passed. Then you play—" "Here's the devil preaching morality!" exclaimed his master, with a laugh. "Oh! most conscientious Roque, what are thine objections to this amusement?" "To the amusement in itself, none; I am only discontented with the consequences. If you gain, you very composedly enjoy the whole fruits of your success: if, on the contrary, you lose, I get more than a reasonable share of your ill humours, with which you most liberally indulge me. Now, Don Lope, I should like fair play, if play you will; to feel a little more the effect of the first, and not quite so much of the second." "Thou art a pleasant sort of a fool, Roque," said Gomez Arias, as he leisurely twirled round his curling jet-black mustachio, and with much complacency eyed his fine figure in a mirror. "Thank you, sir," replied the valet, with a low bow; "but be pleased to consider, that the good opinion you entertain of my talents is unfortunately no adequate compensation for the privations and numberless perils which I undergo in your service. To continue, then, the list of—" "My faults!" interrupted his master. "I only say of my complaints," returned the valet: "next to your being a gamester, what I most deprecate is, your military profession, and the fame which you have acquired by your bravery." "Good heavens!" cried Gomez Arias, "why thou art precisely complaining of the qualities that must become a gentleman." "But I am no gentleman," pertinently observed Roque; "and I cannot imagine why I should be exposed to the dangers attendant on heroes, without likewise reaping their rewards." "I glory in being a soldier!" exclaimed Don Lope, a sudden burst of martial enthusiasm glowing on his manly countenance. "Yes, I have laid low many of the enemies of my country; and before I die I hope often to try my good sword against those accursed and rebellious Moors of the Alpujarras." "All that is very fine, certainly," said Roque; "but do you know, señor, that I do not consider the country so much indebted to you as no doubt you most complacently imagine." "What!" cried the cavalier, with looks of displeasure. "Pray be temperate, Don Lope; I do not mean to offend. You have unquestionably done great services to Spain, by ridding her of many an unbelieving Moor; but reflect, sir, that your sword has

surly termed the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," and from which their "expectations of the good to be done are unbounded."—*E. R.* p. 129.

\* And for which, by the by, they have contrived to get a capital price by hawking the scheme among "the Children of Trade." This quartering on the enemy is a famous ruse, besides putting the money in their own pouch!

† List to the superb bathos of the following Almanac puff, where Mr. Canning's splendid declaration of the expedition to Lisbon is so wretchedly parodied. "The production of the British Almanac is a creditable proof of the vigour and promptitude which preside over the Committee's measures. They assembled in an extraordinary sitting, within a day after the state of the year's Almanac had been made known to them. In an hour, the preparation of the new Almanac was in the hands of different Committees—and in a month, thousands of it were in the shops!"—*Ed. Rev.*

not been less fatal to Christian blood. In battle you hew down infidels to your soul's content; and in the intervals of peace, to keep you in practice, I suppose, you take no less care to send the bravest of her majesty's warriors to the grave. Now put this in the balance, and let us consider whether the country does not suffer more by your duels in peace, than she actually gains by your courage in war. But now comes the most terrible of all your peccadilloes—all my complaints, I mean. 'And which is that, pray?' 'The invincible propensity you have for intrigue, and the no less unfortunate attendant upon it—inconstancy.' 'Inconstancy!' exclaimed Gomez Arias. 'How should it be otherwise? Inconstancy is the very soul of love.' 'I will not attempt to argue that point with so great an adept; my remonstrances are merely limited to the results, and I can truly aver that my life in time of peace is, if possible, more miserable than in war; for what with carrying love-letters, bribing servants, attending serenades, watching the movements of venerable fathers, morose duennas, and fierce-looking brothers, I cannot enjoy a moment's rest.' 'Why, 'tis true, said Don Lope, 'my life is solely devoted to love and war.' 'I rather think it a continual war,' retorted the valet. 'It may be much to your taste, sir; but I, that am neither of so amorous a temperament, nor of so warlike a disposition, cannot enjoy the amusement so well. Instead of passing the nights quietly in bed, as good Christians should do, we employ them in parading the silent streets, putting in requisition all the established signals of love, and singing amorous songs to the tender cadences of the love-inspiring guitar. Even this I might endure with Christian resignation, were it not for the disagreeable results which generally terminate our laudable occupations. It often happens, that whilst you are dying with love, and I with fear and apprehension, we meet with persons who unfortunately are not such decided amateurs of music. Some surly, ill-disposed brother, or unsuccessful lover of the beauty, is invariably sure to come and disturb our harmony; then discord begins—swords are drawn—women scream—alguazils pounce upon us, and thus the sport goes on, till one of the *galanes* is dead or wounded, or till the alguazils are so strong as to render a prudent retreat advisable. Then by some ill fortune I am sure to be collared by the brother or the alguazils in question; and without further ceremony, by way of remunerating merit and encouraging a servant for faithfully serving his master, I am entertained with sundry hearty cudgellings, liberally bestowed on my miserable hide. When they have not left a single sound bone in my skin, they kindly permit me to go, telling me, for consolation, to thank my stars, and that another time I shall not escape so easily. With this pleasing assurance, I creep home as well as I can, and then my humane and grateful master, by way of sympathising with the misfortunes I suffer on his account, fiercely demands—'Roque! where have you been loitering, sir?' Calls me a most negligent rascal, and other names equally gratifying, and upon the recital of my tragical adventure, very coolly, and as he thinks very justly, observes—'It serves you right—'tis all your fault—why did you not watch better?' 'Roque,' said Gomez Arias, 'you have told me the same story over and over again, and I do not see the necessity of your repeating it now.' 'I beg your pardon, Don Lope Gomez Arias,' responded the valet, with most ludicrous solemnity; 'but I am

firmly resolved to quit your service in good earnest: for I perceive you are bent on getting into new difficulties, and I feel no inclination to go in search of fresh adventures.'

'Thus far had Roque proceeded in his eloquent and moral remonstrance, when Gomez Arias turned round, took up a cane that lay near him, and walking very deliberately to his valet with the most perfect composure—'Now, Roque,' he said, 'you must allow I have listened very attentively to your prosing. I have had quite enough of your nonsense for this morning, so I beg you to close your arguments, unless you really wish that I should honour them with a most unanswerable reply.' Here, to illustrate his meaning, he very expressively shook the cane, and Roque as prudently retreated; for he knew his master strictly adhered to his word on occasions of this nature. 'With respect to your quitting my service,' continued Don Lope, 'I have no sort of objection, provided that when you part with me, you are likewise disposed to part with your ears, for I have taken such a fancy to you, my dear Roque, that I cannot possibly allow you to quit me, without leaving me behind a token of remembrance. And now,' he added in a more serious tone, 'withdraw immediately, and mind your business.' Roque made a humble bow and retired. Gomez Arias in this instance, as well as in many others, took advantage of that uncontrollable authority which strong minds generally assume over their inferiors. The valet had indeed resolved several times to leave his master, for it happened that this same Roque had no particular relish for canings and other favours of the kind which were liberally administered to him, as a remuneration for his master's achievements. Moreover, he had the nicest sense of justice, and he could not but feel the shocking impropriety of accepting a reward that was unquestionably due to his superiors. Indeed, it is but fair to add, he never acquiesced in the obligation, until it was actually forced upon him. Roque was moreover blessed with a conscience—that sort of prudential conscience which must be considered as a most valuable acquisition. He certainly was not so unreasonable as to expect a spirited nobleman to lead the life of a sequestered monk, nor could he object to his master's intrigues; but he nevertheless found it extremely objectionable that these should not be kept within the bounds of common prudence. Now, could Gomez Arias have limited his gallantries to the seduction of farmers' daughters, or debauching tradesmen's wives, Roque would most implicitly have approved of the practice, inasmuch as in this case, his master would only be asserting a sort of hereditary right attached to those of his class. But to be deceiving two ladies of distinction was really too much for the delicate feelings of the conscientious menial. Again, Roque could not urge any thing against the courage of his master; he only objected to the effects of its superabundance; for this superabundance, together with Don Lope's unusually amorous disposition, were constantly in opposition with the nicety of Roque's conscience, by reason of the difficulties they gave rise to, in the fulfilment of the natural law of self-preservation. It is an avowed fact, that Roque never wilfully put himself in the way of infringing so rational a precept, and most fortunately he was endowed with a quality highly favourable to the observance thereof;—a quality which other individuals, not blessed with the same scruples, would denominate cowardice. This is not all: the valet was far from being

of a romantic turn of mind; he evinced no taste whatever for moonlit scenery and nocturnal adventure; and he was vulgar enough to prefer the gross advantages of a sound slumber to all the sentimental beauties of the silvered moon and its appendages. These considerations dwelt strongly on the mind of Roque, and he had accordingly several times resolved to quit his master; but such was the dominion which Gomez Arias held over him, that the valet's resolutions fell to the ground whenever he attempted to put them in practice."

The march of the Spanish troops from Grenada, under De Aguilar, against the insurgents, supplies our more serious example.

"Previously, however, to their departure from the city, they piously bent their steps towards the cathedral, where divine service was performed with great pomp, to propitiate Heaven in favour of its servants. The archbishop delivered an eloquent oration, inculcating on the Christians their duty, and the glory of their enterprise; pointing out fame and honour to the survivors—an eternal crown to those who should fall in defence of their country and religion. The banners of the army were then blessed, and the various divisions directed their march towards the gates of Elvira, by which they were to leave the city. It was a clear and beautiful morning; no louring cloud defaced the serene brilliancy of the sky, and the sunbeams sporting on the polished helmets and glittering trappings of the army, were reflected in a thousand curious rays. The trumpets, clarions, and other martial instruments, poured their brazen voices in wild and animating strains; while the shouts of the multitude, assembled to behold the departure of the Christian soldiers, floated promiscuously along the air. The walls of the city were thronged with spectators, whilst others, more active or more interested, followed the army down the Vega. It was a scene at once splendid and interesting, to behold the army marching gallantly to the field, followed by a multitude, all unanimous in imploring the benedictions of Heaven on their brave countrymen. Amongst the dense crowd that gazed upon that martial array, what passions were called forth—how many latent affections kindled—and what sentiments of glory displayed! The magnificent pomp, and the spirit-stirring dignity of war, at the same time that it elevates the soul to deeds of heroism, fails not to awaken in the breast a corresponding sentiment of awe.—Alas! while the warrior, in all the enthusiasm of courage and self-devotion, marches with eager strides to the paths of victory, perhaps of death—how many tender hearts swell high and beat fearfully for the dangers which they themselves cannot perceive! Amongst that overpowering multitude might be discerned the venerable father, a lingering spark of noble fire still lurking in his dim eyes, and his withering frame receiving new energies as he gazed on the military display. A sigh of regret escapes him, for the perilous and glorious scenes in which his age forbids him to bear a part. His out-stretched palms are clasped in fervent orisons to Heaven, not for the safety of his child, but that his conduct in the field may be worthy of a man and a Spaniard. There was also the affectionate spouse contemplating the marching array in silent sorrow; her eyes, swimming in tears, are intensely fixed on that numerous mass of warlike spirits, where one, to her dearer than all the world, was speeding from her side. On one arm, some innocent,



perhaps, lay in sweet slumber, whilst another urchin, with years enough to gaze with delight upon the glorious scene, evinces his pleasure at the animating prospect, and with infantine exultation looks upwards to his mother, wondering to see her bathed in sorrow—for to his unconscious heart no cause is there for grief; and yet his tears flow because his mother weeps. Farther, perhaps, more lonely, on some high turret, on some distant eminence, striving to hide her sorrows from the eye of the world, is seen the trembling virgin, whose pure heart has received the first impression of love, and whose charmed ear has listened with fondness to the soft tale of promised bliss. Now, with restless and agitated glance, she surveys the numerous host, in the vain hope of distinguishing the dear object of all her tenderest affections, torn from her arms, to exchange her smile for scenes of bloodshed and desolation. Alas! how numerous and various are the fears that agitate her gentle breast! She may never more see him: he may sleep his last sleep on the field of horror; or he may return triumphant, but false to his vows, with a proud heart, to scorn the love of her who mourned for his absence. But women, likewise, there might be seen more high-minded and more heroic in their thoughts and feelings; some who, like Leonor de Aguilar, offered their tears at the shrine of glory and patriotism, and who, while they trembled for the life of the object of their affections, were still more anxious for his honour; some, whose passion received a spark of heavenly fire that elevated them above their kind, and who gloried in the sight as they beheld their lovers marching onward to fame and victory. Such scenes, such sensations, with others which as powerfully affect the heart, but which the pen would vainly attempt to portray, are generally attendant on a departing army. Fear, perhaps, holds its dominion in the breasts of the many and interesting beings who are left behind; but hope steals gently forward, and glids with its bright illusion the most fearful anticipations. Meantime the soldier marches on gaily and recklessly, and with a light heart he takes his farewell of those whom he is, perhaps, doomed never more to behold; and the tears that accompany his departure, tears of sympathy and affection, will soon, alas! be changed for the bitter drops of grief and despair."

Upon the whole, we trust that this Romance will meet with the success it deserves—as it certainly, from its intrinsic merits, takes a very prominent rank among the class of works to which it belongs, and is further recommended by the several adventitious circumstances to which we have already alluded.

*The Atlantic Souvenir: a Christmas and New Year's Offering.* Pp. 384. Philadelphia, 1828. Carey and Co. London, J. Miller.

THIS is a very pretty little volume, and does credit to the taste and gallantry across the Atlantic;—to their gallantry, for pages like these are inevitably associated with homage to the fairer part of the creation; to their taste, for much is displayed in the pretty poetry and pretty tales of the *Atlantic Souvenir*. In a literary point of view, the prose takes by far the highest rank: the story of the *Rifle* is one of great interest, and that of the *Young West Indian* would deserve a place in any Annual. The *Poet's Tale* displays talent of another kind; but perhaps a scene from the *Vacation* will be as amusing and characteristic a specimen as our limits permit. The young

student who narrates his adventure is spending his time and money at Saratoga, an American watering-place.

"It was a splendid ball. The decorations were in taste, and the music I need not speak of, for who has not heard of Johnson? In speaking of beauty I must be more exclusive. Not that I was fastidious; for I was a raw collegier, and perfectly bewildered. I could sweep them all up with a superlative. Still, in my own astronomy, I have some dim remembrance of a distinction. I remember, for instance, a northern star, which I followed till she set. She was as tall as the Venus of the Capitol; but her proportions were exquisite, and she wore them with the grace of a Hebe. Her features were irregular, and might not be beautiful in marble; but the expression!—did you ever dream an angel came down to you, and told you about paradise and the peris—and do you remember the angel's face? There was another from the same quarter, with flowing hair—as airy a spirituelle as I ever saw; and another, and another—and I have no doubt they are the cause of the borealis. But this is nothing to the purpose. I danced with a lady from—no matter—I cannot be particular—but she had large dark eyes, and the longest eyelashes that ever drooped. Her forehead was low, and the black hair was parted on it as they paint the Madonnas—with an expression. If any body wishes to flirt with me, let her have black hair, and a sweet forehead to part it on. She did not dance well; and if she had, it would have been out of character. I never saw a woman with rich dark eyes that did. It would be like a Magdalen painted at blind man's buff. It is a pity there is not a musical star. I am sure I was born under one. She (I did not hear her name when I was introduced, but she looked as if it was Isabella), she had a tone I shall not attempt to describe. It was low and reedy, like the death of a fine sweep on an Æolian. I have heard doves who came near it, and, if I understood music, I could tell you of a note in a second flute which makes me think of it; but it was irresistible. I never could withstand a sweet tone from my childhood; and if I had lived in the days of Orpheus, I am persuaded I should have walked into the wall. She said a few common-places; and I answered, like an amateur at a concert, with a nod or a monosyllable. It was a perfect spell. I am better at conversation than any thing else; but I had lost my talisman. You would have taken my speeches for the list of impersonal verbs in the grammar. She was engaged for the next cotillon, and a mere cipher of a fop led her off in the middle of a sentence. I would have given the puppy my degree for a delay of two minutes. I met her afterwards at the spring—sat opposite to her at table—met her accidentally in walks, and was very much surprised to be riding in the same direction on horseback. She was always polite, and received my apocryphal explanations with a smile that went through me like a *coup de soleil*, only more moderately. Her bewildering voice, too!—it gave the airy nothings of courtesy the power of a Maelstrom—my heart was completely swallowed up. I staid day after day, till I had far outstaid my permission. My funds were low, and Peyton's quite gone. He had been urging our departure for a week or two, and was entirely out of patience. Still I could not make up my mind to go. One morning, however, she came down in a riding-habit. I supposed she was going upon an early ride, and gave orders for a horse immediately. A moment before, I had the

appetite of a New Zealander; but I hurried away to change my dress, and stood on the promenade equipped from stock to spur, as she came out from breakfast. 'Good morning! What! do you ride so early?' 'Yes—so early—and a long ride too.' 'And who goes with you?' 'I suppose the next question will be 'which way are you going?' so I'll save your catechism, and tell you at once. I go in a carriage; my companions are my father, mother, and servants; and my destination, Niagara.' 'Is it possible?—You leave us, then?' 'Just so: and now I'll excuse that rueful expression which is extremely proper and sentimental, and ask the favour of your arm, for I must make an early call at the Pavilion.' I offered my arm mechanically, but was as speechless as a college *expellée*. 'What! not a word!—no 'regrets'!—no 'painful disappointments'!—nothing about the 'shorn beam,' and the 'setting star'!' 'Miss Graham'—and I felt as if I looked expostulatory, but could get no farther. 'Well!—Miss Graham is a good beginning—go on!' 'Seriously, Miss Graham'—I thought I should choke. 'Seriously, Mr. Halsey, you don't appear to have any thing to say. Am I to consider this a mere hiatus, or is your dying speech concluded?' 'Spare me, spare me! I'll go on directly!' 'No, I shall not spare you; for 'directly' we shall come to the Pavilion, and 'directly' I shall be very busy with my friends, and so you'll hang without a confession. Come—the speech!' 'Miss Graham—I—I—I—' 'A respectable pronoun!—Go on!' 'I—' 'What?' 'Love you!' 'Hem! quite to the point!' I had passed the Rubicon, and grew desperate. 'It is to the point, madam!—I have loved you from the first moment'—'Stop, stop!—be original, or I won't listen. I can read all that in Sir Charles Grandison.' 'Miss Graham, will you speak seriously?' 'Yes, sir—' seriously' we are slight acquaintances—and 'seriously' I know nothing about you—and 'seriously' you are not out of your teens—and 'seriously' we are at the Pavilion—will you walk in?' We met the ladies at the door. Miss Graham announced her departure, and after the suitable expressions of surprise and disappointment, they sent for their hats, and insisted on returning with us. It was to me a small purgatory. The ladies rallied me on my abstraction, and Miss Graham rattled away unmercifully. She 'had been here too long'—the springs were excessively stupid—the beaux were all bores, begging Mr. Halsey's pardon—and she was 'delighted to go.' I tried every manoeuvre to speak a word to her—but she was 'in too much of a hurry to step aside for a view'—and she 'didn't care for the dust'—and she 'always preferred a lady's arm to a gentleman's.' She left us at the door, to go to her room. On her return, the carriage was waiting. 'Come, Caroline,' shouted a bass and a cracked treble. 'Coming, sir—coming, madam,'—and she shook hands with the gay circle. I offered my arm, and under cover of a bagatelle, made a desperate offer—'Will you give me one word, Miss Graham?' 'Yes, sir—two—good bye'—and she jumped into the carriage. I think if I ever hang, I shall feel as I did when that carriage drove off."

The poetry is but mediocre; it wants originality, and, worse still, wants character; there is nothing American in it; it might as well have been written on one side of the Atlantic as on the other. The following, by James G. Percival, though one of the most graceful pieces in the book, is scarcely equal to what we should expect from him.

## "To Melanthe."

Is it bliss to see a crowd  
Gazing on thee,  
Or like a gilded insect, proud  
In flattery sun thee?  
Is there not a dearer thing,  
Than when a fop with painted wing,  
Too poor to bless, too weak to sting,  
Dreams he has won thee?  
Is it bliss to think thy charms  
Are lauded ever—  
That all would rush into thy arms,  
And leave thee never?  
Oh! is it not a sweeter thought,  
That only one thy love has sought,  
And in his soul, that love is wrought  
So deep it cannot sever?  
Is it bliss to hear thy praise  
By all repeated;  
To dream a round of sunny days,  
Then find thee cheated?  
Oh! happier the hidden flower  
Within a far secluded bower,  
Whither some mild of gentle power  
Has long retreated.  
Is it not bliss to hear thy name  
From lips so holy?  
Oh! better than the transient flame,  
That circles folly.  
If thou art lovely, thou wilt find  
Pure worship from so pure a mind,  
And love that will not leave behind  
One taint of melancholy."

The strong impression left on our minds by some of the exquisite plates in the recent publications in this country of a similar nature, renders it difficult for us to judge candidly and fairly of the embellishments, fourteen in number, of the *Atlantic Souvenir*. "Respectable" is a cold word; and yet the highest praise which we can afford to the best of them is that they are respectable. We speak of the engravings; for (not to mention our countrymen, Sir Thomas Lawrence and Boaden) the names of Leslie, and Newton, and Alston, by whom several of the subjects of those engravings were painted, can never be associated with ideas of mediocrity. Two of the most interesting prints in the volume are engraved by Durand, from Newton's "Dull Lecture," and Leslie's "Ann Page, Slender, and Shallow;" both of which pictures were as deservedly admired in the exhibition at Somerset House, and both of which pictures are now in the possession of a gentleman of the name of Hone, in New York. G. B. Ellis appears to be an artist of talent and versatility. Several of his engravings, from drawings by Doughty, especially the "Delaware Water-Gap" and the "Catskill Falls," are very creditable to him. His principal defect is the similarity of his execution throughout the whole plate. We advise him to study Woollett's landscapes; and, above all, to observe how that great master contrived, by increasing not only the depth but the breadth of his lines, as he advanced to the foreground, to preserve the "keeping" of his work. "Ticonderago," engraved by Maverick, from a sketch by Wall, possesses much sweetness; and "Ischia and Procida," engraved by Kearny, from a drawing by Batty, much clearness and brilliance. There is a pretty miniature copy, by Longacre, from an English print.

*Burton's Diary of the Cromwell Parliament.*  
[Concluding notice.]

HAVING already analysed the contents of these four volumes, and given some illustrative specimens of their contents, and that analysis and exemplification being in our view sufficient to shew the nature and character of the work, we do not consider it necessary to go at great length into extracts. The importance of the *Diary* to history will be felt upon the single statement of its authenticity; and were we to fill whole pages with quotations, we could do

no more than produce the same conviction on the minds of readers. We shall therefore be very short in our farther comments; and have only to guard against the value of the book being estimated by the extent of our Review. As well might a precise judgment of the proceedings of the House of Commons in 1656 be ascertained from the engraved frontispiece (after a picture by T. Simon), which represents both the clerks at the table *writing with their left hands*! It may be remarked, however, as a curious matter in these proceedings, that the identical borough of Queenborough, which has made so much noise within the last few weeks, producing from among its own fishermen perfect Demostheneses and Massienellos, should have occupied the Commons in 1654, when the members who attended were voted by an "Instrument" to several counties and places, "which," (says Goddard's *Diary*), for the most part, did agree with the instrument, saving as to Queenborough. Some gentlemen of Kent being earnest to have that membership conferred, some to the county, some to Maidstone, some to the Cinque Ports, some to one place, some to another, Mr. Garland, who served for that place, suddenly and jocularly moved the speaker, that we give not any legacies before the speaker was dead. Which conceit so took with the house, as for that time Queenborough was relieved, but was voted for the future to be dismembered, and to be added to the county."

Less trouble seems to have been taken at this era about franchises, &c. than we see now in respect to East Retford; for we find in the short ensuing paragraph—"It was moved also for Woodstock, that that might not be dismembered; but it was according as was reported. Morpeth, in Cumberland, was moved to have a member, and that one shall be taken from the county; but that was denied. The towns in Cornwall were dismembered, and a member added to Bodmin, there. The rest all passed according to the instrument."

The liberty of the press in these famed days of freedom was often disposed of in an equally summary manner. In August 1653—"Ordered, that it be referred to the Committee for the poor, and justices of the peace, to consider of and examine the breach of the privilege of parliament in new books or pamphlets; and also to consider of the abuse in printing of scurrilous ballads and pamphlets, and seditious books and papers; and to examine who were the writers, printers, and publishers thereof; and wherein the former laws are defective, to offer some farther remedy for the redress of that abuse." October—Mr. Lawrence reported "the coming forth of several scandalous and seditious pamphlets: one a paper entitled, 'A Charge of High Treason exhibited against Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, for several Treasons by him committed,' which was now read." October 1656: "Colonel Jephson acquainted the house with a book delivered at the door, in print, entitled, 'Thunder from the Throne of God against the Temples of Idols,' with an epistle in it, directed to his highness the lord protector and the parliament of England; which epistle was now read. Resolved, that Samuel Chidley be called in to the bar. And he was accordingly called in. And being come to the bar, the book was shewed him, who acknowledged he wrote the epistle; and doth own it, and all that is in it; and owns the book too, and all in it, the printer's errors excepted. Ordered, that this book, entitled, 'Thunder from the Throne of God against the Temples of Idols,' and the epistle of it, be re-

ferred to a committee, viz. to Lord Commissioner Whitlock, &c. That it be referred to the same committee to consider of a way to suppress private presses, and regulating the press, and suppressing and preventing scandalous books and pamphlets." Chidley was, as a matter of course, immediately committed; and almost every offender in this way was severely punished, not only by long imprisonments, but corporally. But, as if parliament was not rigorous enough in its vengeance, the Protector himself took the press in hand. In Oct. 1655: "The council at Whitehall ordered, that no person presume to publish in print any matter of public news or intelligence, without leave and approbation of the secretary of state." In the face of such prohibitions and dangers, it is remarkable how boldly the spirit of opposition displayed itself, and asserted the right of publishing opinions. The distribution of fanatical books at the door of the house was a common occurrence, though the inevitable consequence to the parties was the being brought on their knees, incarcerated, fined, pilloried, and even more severely visited. But Oliver, when personally concerned, was above all laws. In 1653 he forced the parliament (which would not be a mere tool in his hands) to deliver up their power to him; and the General became Protector. It was in vain that, in the autumn of 1654, "The parsons generally prayed for the parliament to strengthen their hands and enlarge their hearts; to send them that had wisdom, zeal; and them that had zeal, wisdom; but not much concerning the single person, as was observed." The single person strode forward to power; and it was impiously maintained that "Divine Providence had set a stamp and seal upon his government; the sword and present power all being of God." It was added, "that my Lord Protector must not be thought that ever he would part with that power which he conceived was so fully in him. At least it was extremely convenient that we should in this comply with his highness, it being a foundation he had laid, and now not to be disputed." Parliament did nevertheless cavil at these doctrines, and was dissolved forthwith by the famous speech, an hour and a half long, (says our *Diary*), delivered by Cromwell in the Painted Chamber, Sept. 3, 1654. The member thus describes the affair:—"Going by water to Westminster, I was told that the parliament doors were locked up and guarded with soldiers, and the barges were to attend the Protector to the Painted Chamber. As I went, I saw two barges at the privy stairs. Being come to the hall, I was confirmed in what I had heard. Nevertheless, I did purpose not to take things merely upon trust, but would receive an actual repulse to confirm my faith. Accordingly, I attempted up the parliament stairs, but there was a guard of soldiers, who told me there was no passage that way; that the house was locked up, and command given to give no admittance to any. That, if I were a member, I might go into the Painted Chamber, where the Protector would presently be. The mace was taken away by Commissary-General Whalley. The speaker and all the members were walking up and down the hall, the Court of Requests, and the Painted Cham-

\* The other side, in the same canting strain, argued, "That the providences of God are like a two-edged sword, which may be used both ways; and God in his providence doth often permit of that which he doth not approve; and a thief may make as good a title to every purse which he takes by the highways. That if titles be measured by the sword, the Grand Turk may make a better title than any Christian princes."



ber, expecting the Protector's coming; the passages there being likewise guarded with soldiers. The Protector coming about ten of the clock, attended with his officers, life-guard, and halberds, he took his place upon the scaffold, where it was before, and made a speech of about an hour and a half long. Wherein he did not forbear to tell us, that he did expect and hope for better fruit and effect of our last meeting in that place than he had yet found; that he perceived there was a necessity upon him to magnify, as he called it, his office. He told us a large series of the providences of God and the suffrages of the people, which were so many witnesses, evidences, and seals, of his calling to the government, and which did cause him to put a greater value upon his title so derived, than upon the broken hereditary title of any prince whatsoever. That having received his office from God and from the people, he was resolved never to part with it, until God and the people should take it from him. That it could not be expected when he told us before that we were a free parliament, that he meant it otherwise free than as it should act under that government. That those pitiful forwardnesses and peevishnesses which were abroad, he valued no more than the motes in the sun. But that the parliament should now dispute his office under whose authority we were then met, was a great astonishment to him. That he was unwilling to break privileges; but necessity had no law."

With those who recognised his authority he contrived to go on till the January following; when another Painted Chamber jobation finished the farce by a dissolution; which, says the editor, "left him to rule, as he was not ill-inclined, in cases unconnected with his personal interests, according to the ancient laws, under the authority of his own instrument of government; unsupported even by the semblance of a parliamentary sanction."

His speech on reassembling a parliament in Sept. 1656, is one of the most interesting documents in this work, where it is probably printed for the first time: it is too long for us to quote, but will be found at page 148 of the Introduction, Vol. I. The following is a more curious specimen of his oratory—when the hundred officers addressed him *not* to hearken to the title of king, which was offered to him in the spring of 1656-7.

"His highness returned answer presently to this effect,—that the first man that told him of it, was he, the mouth of the officers then present (meaning Colonel Mills); that, for his part, he had never been at any cabal about the same (hinting by that, the frequent cabals that were against kingship by certain officers). He said, the time was when they boggled not at the word (king), for the instrument by which the government now stands, was presented to his highness with the title (king) in it, as some there present could witness, pointing at a principal officer, then in his eye, and he refused to accept of the title. But how it comes to pass that they now startle at that title, they best knew. That, for his part, he loved the title, a feather in a hat, as little as they did. That they had made him their drudge upon all occasions; to dissolve the Long Parliament, who had contracted evil enough by long sitting; to call a parliament or convention of their naming, who met; and what did they? fly at liberty and property, inasmuch as if one man had twelve cows, they held another that wanted cows ought to take share with his neighbour. Who could have said any thing was their own if they had gone on?—After

their dissolution, how was I pressed by you (said he) for the rooting out of the ministry; nay, rather than fail, to starve them out. A parliament was afterwards called; they sat five months; it is true we hardly heard of them in all that time. They took the instrument into debate, and they must needs be dissolved; and yet stood not the instrument in need of mending? Was not the case hard with me, to be put upon to swear to that which was so hard to be kept? Some time after that, you thought it was necessary to have major-generals; and the first rise to that motion (then was the late general insurrections, was justifiable; and you, major-generals, did your parts well. You might have gone on. Who bid you go to the house with a bill, and there receive a foil? After you had exercised this power a while, impatient were you till a parliament was called. I gave my vote against it; but you [were] confident, by your own strength and interest, to get men chosen to your heart's desire. How you have failed therein, and how much the country hath been disobliged, is well known. That it is time to come to a settlement, and lay aside arbitrary proceedings, so unacceptable to the nation. And by the proceedings of this parliament, you see they stand in need of a check or balancing power, (meaning the House of Lords, or a house so constituted,) for the case of James Naylor might happen to be your own case. By their judicial power they fall upon life and member, and doth the instrument enable me to control it?"

We will not enter more at length into these important parliamentary memoranda: they are curious, characteristic, and valuable; and shew how much alike have been the positions of public affairs and the arguments of public speakers at all times. As Solomon truly said, there is nothing new under the sun;—and the debate on the probability of a war with Holland in 1658-9, might almost, with change of name, be printed for Navarino and Turkey in 1828.—Upon a passage in Sir Arthur Haslerigge's speech on this occasion—"if you engage suddenly in a war with Holland, I think all England will be lost. When our forces are gone to the Sound, an army may be landed here, and Charles Stuart to head them," &c.)—there is the following descriptive note:—

"On his coronation as King of Scots, were 'Printed, London 1651, by I. L. Philalethes,' on a single leaf—'Old Sayings and Predictions Verified and Fulfilled touching the young King of Scotland and his gued Subjects.

'Jockie. I, Jockie, turn the stone of all your plots, For none turne faster than the turne-coate Scots.  
'Presbyter. We for our ends did make thee king, be sure,

Not to rule us; we will not that endure.  
'King. You deep dissemblers, I know what you do, And, for revenge's sake, I will dissemble too.'

Then over a characteristic print is the following title: 'The Scots holding their young King's Nose to the Grinstone.' Over Jockie, who is turner, are these lines:

'Come to the grinstone, Charles, 'tis now too late  
To recollect 'tis Presbyterian fate.'

The Presbyter, bearded, and wearing the cloak and the then fashionable skull-cap, says, by a label proceeding from his mouth, 'Stoop, Charles!' while he holds to a grinstone the face of the royally-robed youth. Over the king are these lines:—

'You Covenant pretenders, must I see  
The subject of your Traidle-Comedie?

'I will conclude,' says I. L., 'with an old prophecy of a Jesuit in Henry VIIIth's time, of all the kings and queens that should succeed in

England: thus, *Mars, Puer, Alecto, Virgo, Vulpes, Leo, Nullus*. The English of it is this: *Mars*, the god of war, Henry VIII.; *Puer*, a boy, Edward VI.; *Alecto*, a fury, Queen Mary; *Virgo*, a maiden, Queen Elizabeth; *Vulpes*, a fox, King James; *Leo*, a lion, King Charles; *Nullus*, none."

When we have in His Grace the Duke of Wellington a premier of the highest military glory, it may not be inapposite to quote a paragraph or two from the discussion relative to the House of Peers, &c. set up during the Commonwealth.

*Mr. Archer*.—"This new House of Lords consists of swordsmen, colonels, and commanders of armies. The persons are all either military or in civil judicature. It is not fit for those that receive public moneys to have a legislature with us."

*Col. Gibbons*.—"The question now before us is a great-bellied question, and will not easily go down with me. I am not for laying it aside neither. It is pressed upon us, and necessity is pretended. Many absurd consequences are in that necessity. There was a Spanish don that burnt his shins by the fire, who could not be satisfied till he presently sent for a mason to pull down the chimney as a heretic, whereas he might have removed his shins more easily. I doubt we are doing so. I shall offer as an addition to the question, that this house will transact with the other house, when they are bounded and limited by this house, and not before."

*Mr. Stephens*.—"I can very well confide in his highness, and am glad to find one in possession who will rule according to the law, and not by the sword. If I could have the same confidence in those that sit in the other house, I should willingly consent. But I would have a government by law, and not by the sword; and I should fear it much if those men should sit. Losers must have leave to speak. They are many of them military persons. Thus they would have a military and civil sword. There are nineteen regiments of horse and foot, and divers garrisons, besides the Tower of London, all in that house; and a great part of the fleet besides. Lord lieutenants were always chosen by the country laws—by the good laws of Edward the Confessor. The great commanders, both by sea and land, and privy counsellors, were chosen by the people anciently, in *pleno foro*. This is no new doctrine. They that sit there ought to be by your election. We have found by experience the mischief of the sword. The little fingers of major-generals have I found heavier than the loins of the greatest tyrant kings that went before."

*Col. West* "told a long story of Adam."

They talked then of the "dead lift," as we talk now of the "dead weight;" but the analogies are too numerous to be pointed out; and we must finally take our leave of this Diary with again recommending it to public favour as a remarkable accession to our stock of historical *matériel*.

#### Dr. Reece's Medical Guide. 8vo. Fifteenth Edition.

WHETHER popular treatises on medicine be really advantageous to the community, is a question on which a great diversity of opinion has long existed, and on which doctors themselves disagree. Those who maintain the affirmative, argue, that if a knowledge of the causes of disease and of their remedies were generally diffused, it must not only tend to diminish the mischiefs arising from ignorance

and intemperance, but to mitigate the severer "ills which flesh is heir to," and which are the exclusive province of the physician, by subjecting to a salutary scrutiny the qualifications of the regular practitioner, and exposing all the *tromperie* of quacks and impostors. Those who are of a contrary opinion, contend that all attempts to enlighten the public on the subject of medicine operate injuriously, by tempting invalids to dose themselves until their ailments become serious, perhaps irremediable, and by imparting to them that superficial knowledge,—that "little learning," which in medical science no less than in law and in general literature, is a dangerous thing; because it renders men at once conceited and sceptical, apt to think themselves as knowing as the doctor, and to entertain towards him that mistrust which is calculated to counteract the remedy prescribed.

Whatever may be the final decision of a controversy which threatens to be of very long duration, one truth is indisputable: the people, of this country at least, have ever been disposed to receive with eagerness any compendium professing to afford instructions for the preservation of health and the removal of disease. Exposed to all the influences of a variable and capricious climate, gloomy from temperament, and enervated either by luxury or bad diet, they are habitually solicitous concerning their bodily welfare; and, in the absence of sound advice on this important subject, they will accept and act upon that which is at least questionable, if not pernicious. Without reverting to those barbarous ages when the culling of simples was regulated by the movements of the planets, and when the astrologer and the tonsor held divided sway with the leech and the surgeon, we need only look back to the middle or latter end of the last century, for a signal instance of this propensity. In the favour bestowed on a notable tract which old John Wesley published under the alluring title of *Primitive Physic*. That bundle of nostrums, now acknowledged to be creditable rather to the boldness of its author than to his abilities, at least as a *body-curer*, still retains a considerable share of popularity among his admirers. A multitude of similar instances might be adduced, some of which, the productions of empirical adventurers, are solely remarkable, as proving the extent to which delusion may be practised on human credulity.

Thus have Buchan, Mason Good, and other writers in the same line, flourished; and thus the present work has reached a fifteenth edition.

Its plan is in the first part to define the different classes of *remedies*, and explain their direct and indirect operation in a variety of cases. In the second part to establish a basis for the management of diseases, with reference not only to the age, constitution, and habits of the patient, but to the stage of the malady. Remarks on the influence of the passions of the mind in inducing and aggravating various diseases follow, and are followed by other remarks on sympathies, customs, and habits, and on the distinction between disease and disorder.

Upon these manifold subjects we are not called to deliver our opinion (especially as we get no fees); but we think we may fairly pronounce this to be a very useful Family Dispensatory, as fifteen editions, indeed, prove it to be generally esteemed.

*Modern Domestic Medicine; or, a Popular Treatise on all the Diseases incident to the Human Frame, &c. &c.* By Thomas J. Graham, M.D., &c. London, 1826. Printed for the Author; Simpkin and Marshall; Hatchard; and other booksellers.

SIMILAR remarks apply to this publication as to the preceding. We hear it exceedingly well spoken of by medical men, whether approving or disapproving of the principle of such works. As a guide to self-medicating, we presume it may be as safely trusted as any other; but the less people doctor themselves, we are inclined to think, the better will be their general health. It is sometimes, however, of essential use to know how to meet casualties by simple remedies or prompt action; and in this point of view these domestic instructors are valuable. A copious materia medica; a description of mineral waters; and a dissertation on baths, add much to the merits of Dr. Graham's performance.

*A Living Picture of London for 1828, and a Stranger's Guide through the Streets of the Metropolis, &c.* By John Bee, Esq. 18mo. pp. 312. London, 1828. W. Clarke; Sherwood and Co.; H. Fores.

THE more useful a work of this kind is likely to be, the less it is likely to be agreeable reading. No bystander is gratified by seeing a surgeon open a tumour, dissect an ulcer, or dress a sore, however skillfully he may operate; and it is much the same in laying open the putridity and corruption of this vast lathouse metropolis. There are, indeed, some scenes which hardly bear description: yet as conveying hints to strangers, and guarding them against impositions; as instructing our most wonderfully inefficient police; and as exposing the crying evils which beset all classes of society in London,—this small volume must be esteemed valuable and curious.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 24th, 1828.

IT is the season of dissipation in this city, of which the French triumphantly say, "Il n'y a qu'un Paris." Indeed if variety of pleasure form the sum of human happiness, they have a title to the boast; for every taste finds here its home, whether it lead to arts, sciences, philosophy, balls, theatres, or gambling-houses. However strange it may appear, these three latter amusements are often neglected for the study of the three former; and sometimes a *belle dame* relinquishes her partner at the dance for the rivalry of more serious occupation. To M. Bory de St. Vincent's *Natural History*, and his *Observations on the Analogy of the Human with other Races*, may perhaps be ascribed, in some degree, the spirit of inquiry which pervades young and old; who begin to think that if, according to Solomon, "there is nothing new under the sun," there is at least much to be discovered with regard to the secrets of nature, particularly with regard to the science of analogy. A work on that subject is now treating by a very able man, and will most likely appear in summer.

Theatrical news is rare. M. de la Vigne's comedy, entitled the *Princesse Aurélie*, brought a crowded house on its first representation; but, notwithstanding Mlle. Mars' talents, and the loud and repeated applauses of the audience, critics have condemned the author; not, however, without some struggle between partiality and justice, as he is most deservedly a favourite artist. In this instance he trusted too much

to the harmony of his verse, and forgot that on the stage this is only a secondary consideration, when compared to plot, and preserving the *natural* in character. Last night, *L'Orpheline Russe* was represented at the Gymnase: the house was full, and it met with general approbation. If we are to judge of the interest of the piece by the tears of tender ladies, we may boldly assert its merit in that respect, for pocket handkerchiefs waved in every direction. The English theatricals are awaited with impatience. Miss Smithson has left a most favourable impression on the French audience, who now cease to wonder that British Lords so frequently fall victims to our ladies of the dramatic profession. Shakespeare also is beginning to be appreciated by those who can understand him. The French no longer compare him to their Racine, but candidly allow that he has surpassed all their poets. A gentleman lately speaking of him, wondered how one body could contain such various minds, being equally grand in the horrible and in the sublime,—and in painting the human mind, greater than the greatest of any country.

M. De Lafayette has been near quitting the busy scene of life: he was seriously ill, but hopes are now entertained of his recovery. M<sup>me</sup>. de Genlis is also seriously indisposed: she has run a long course, and nature with her must be nearly worn out. She seldom quits her bed; but still receives her friends. As to her intellectual faculties, they seem perfectly unimpaired. She possesses a peculiar charm of manner, which becomes a striking contrast to her personal appearance, of which there exist no *beaux restes*: besides, as she considers abstinence from cleanliness, as well as from every comfort, to be a duty—no one can imagine that she could ever have been the charming being described by herself and some of her contemporaries. Snuff is the only luxury she enjoys, and not even this indulgence constantly; for whenever she swerves from the laws of self-government which she has laid down for herself, her nose pays the penance. However simple this punishment may appear to those who are unacquainted with the merits of tobacco, to her it is no small trial of forbearance. She looks eagerly at the watch, and sometimes holds it in her hand, awaiting with agitation the critical moment that she has prescribed for a cessation of penitence. She has a handsome revenue allowed her by the Duke of Orleans, but gives it almost all away to her adopted son, or in charity.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAPTAIN BEECHER'S EXPEDITION.—We have to announce, and we do so with great satisfaction, that private letters have just been received from the Blossom, which mention the arrival of the ship at San Blas, on her way to England; all the crew in good health. They add, that in consequence of the unsettled state of the interior, she is likely to be detained there for some days for a freight.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

ON Friday the 21st, Mr. Millington delivered an able lecture on the manufacture of paper, of which we had reason to expect an epitome, that has not, however, reached us. We are therefore only enabled to say, from recollection, that the history of the early materials, stone, metallic substances, papyrus, the bark of trees, parchment, vellum, cotton, &c. &c. on which writings were anciently preserved, was interesting and full of research. The illustrations



of modern paper-making, and the immense improvements in the machinery, shewed how many great difficulties have been overcome by ingenuity and perseverance: the models were extremely beautiful and curious.

Among the useful inventions displayed in the library on a former evening, we were much struck by a model of patent metallic shutters and sun-blinds, exhibited by a Mr. Don. For security against burglars, for readiness in opening and shutting, and for neatness, we have rarely seen any superior useful improvement on a common article of household fitting. The easy conversion of the shutter into a sun-blind, seemed to us (on the small scale here represented) to be peculiarly well managed: we presume it would succeed in windows of the usual size.

#### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR APRIL.

13th day, 21 h. 17 m. 45 s.—The sun will be eclipsed, but invisible in this country; the conjunction will occur in the boundary line that separates Aries from Pisces; the moon's latitude 8 m. 30 s. north; 21 h. 24 m. the eclipse will be central on the meridian to the inhabitants of the coasts of the Red Sea, in latitude 18 deg. 26 min.

#### Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter, in Sagittarius	7	0	6
☉ New Moon, in Pisces	13	21	18
☽ First Quarter, in Gemini	21	17	18
☾ Full Moon, in Libra	29	10	44

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Libra	2	8	0
Mars in Sagittarius	5	19	15
Mercury in Pisces	11	18	15
1♂ Tauri	16	23	25
2♂ Tauri	16	23	56
Venus in Taurus	17	11	0
Saturn in Gemini	20	4	0
1♂ Cancer	22	10	35
Jupiter in Libra	29	11	0
2♂ Libra	29	13	36

14th day.—Mercury at his greatest elongation, and visible a short time before sunrise.

1st day.—Venus, "the evening star;" the following is the proportion of its phases:—

Illuminated part	8-58622
Dark part	3-41378

30th day, 20 h.—Mars in conjunction with a cluster of small stars in the head of Sagittarius. 5th day, 20 h. Jupiter in conjunction with 2♂ Libra, a star of the second magnitude on the ecliptic in the southern scale; the planet will be about a degree north of the star. 29th day, 10 h. 15 m.—In opposition, and nearest the earth, consequently appearing under its greatest angle of 40 sec., its least angle being 26 sec. The situation and period of the opposition of a planet are the most important for determining the elements of its orbit—its place in the starry heavens, as seen from the earth, or supposed to be seen, from the sun being then coincident, or the observed longitude, is the same as the true longitude, all calculations being referred to the sun as the centre: after the opposition, the emersions only of the satellites will be visible, the shadow of the primary having a different direction relative to the position of the earth in its orbit.

#### Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First satellite	4	15	45	58
	6	10	14	23
	13	12	8	23
	20	14	2	25
	27	15	26	31
	29	10	25	1
Second satellite	7	12	41	30
	14	15	15	26
Third satellite	29	14	35	38

#### Remarkable Configurations of the Satellites at 11 hours.

13th, 14th, and 20th days, respectively, all the satellites to the west of the primary. 22d. The third in the shadow, and the first, second, and fourth, to the east. 29th day. Jupiter will appear as if nearly deserted by his attendants; all the satellites, with the exception of the second, which will be to the east, will be invisible—the first and third in the shadow, and the fourth on the disc.

2d day, 23 h. 30 m.—Saturn in quadrature: the ring of this planet is gradually contracting, the relative proportion of the two axes being as 1-000 to 0-462.

21st day, 22 h.—Uranus in quadrature: this planet is advancing to a favourable position for observation; its place in the heavens may be very easily traced, being in a direct line south of the two stars in the horn of the Goat.

Those brilliant constellations which have communicated such splendour to the wintry sky, will soon be lost in the solar effulgence. Aries, by the middle of the month, will have disappeared; the brightness of Taurus will not only be diminished by its approximation to the western horizon, but nearly dissolved by the superior blaze of Venus; while the mild beauty of Pleiades will scarce pierce the twilight of the vernal eve. Orion, with its belt, will no longer glitter with that radiance, which, when aided by an atmosphere refined by frost, shone forth with increased intensity: this "sentinel of winter," as if released from its vigilance, ceases to suspend its watchful light over the sleeping nations, and hastens with its bright companion Sirius, to mingle its fainter glories with the solar beams. Rising in the east will be observed "Arcturus, with his sons;" Spica Virginis, the bright star in the hand of the Virgin; Jupiter in Libra: on the meridian, Leo Major and Leo Minor, and in the zenith Ursa Major.

Tuesday morning.—Solar spots. These, in considerable number and magnitude, are transverse the solar disc; one large spot, with a cluster of upwards of twenty-five small ones, is passing off the western limb, and others entering on the eastern side.

Depford.

J. T. B.

SYLPHIUM.—In our late notice of Beechey's Travels in Africa, we quoted at some length the passages which related to the celebrated *syphium* of ancient writers. It may be acceptable to state, that two specimens of this interesting plant, brought to England by Captain Smyth, are both likely to prosper,—one in the possession of the Duke of Sussex, and the other in that of the Duke of Buckingham. They are skillfully tended, and very carefully watched; as they well deserve to be.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, March 22.—On the 14th the Rev. P. Wynter, President of St. John's College, was admitted to the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—  
Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. Pountney, Queen's College; Rev. J. Spry, Magdalen Hall; Rev. T. Hope, University College; Rev. A. Rogers, Jesus College.  
Bachelor of Arts.—J. Charnock, Lincoln College.

At the Russell Institution, the Rev. Mr. Stebbing has commenced a course of lectures on the attractive topic of our Periodical Literature.

#### FINE ARTS.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

THERE is a balance in the arts, as well as a balance in politics; and in casting our eyes

generally over a well-selected assemblage of pictures, a great portion of our pleasure arises from the attention which has been paid to that balance; and from the agreeable variety, both of style and of subject, which has been thereby suggested. In private collections the judgment of the proprietor may regulate this material consideration; but it is not so in a public exhibition; for whither the public taste leads, be that taste good or bad, art will, in most instances, follow. In endeavouring, therefore, to maintain the balance where it appears likely to fail, as at present in the historical and epic departments of art, we ought to be much indebted to those artists who have the generous self-devotion to throw the weight of their talents into the scale that must otherwise "kick the beam."

No. 254. *Aeneas and Achæles, landing on the Coast of Africa, near to Carthage, are directed by Venus, who appears to them in the character of a Spartan Huntress.* W. Linton.—Although the foregoing remarks do not apply exclusively to this artist, the work under our consideration is an example of a class of art—the poetical, or, if we may be allowed the expression, the educated—which ought to be powerfully encouraged. Mr. Linton's picture not only possesses in an eminent degree the qualities of beauty, contrast, and variety, which recommend it as a composition; but is entitled to the highest praise for the skill of its execution. Some of the greatest difficulties of the imitative part of the art have been encountered and vanquished. We mean more particularly the freshness of the morning, and the rising vapours that slightly veil, without obscuring, the forms with which they mingle. The whole is conducted in accordance with good taste, and fully establishes Mr. Linton's powers in the more refined departments of that branch of the arts which he so successfully cultivates.

No. 214. *Portrait of H. Brougham, Esq.* J. Lonsdale.—Without intending any allusion to the splendid oratorical powers of the original, we must say that this is one of the most speaking portraits we ever saw. The resemblance is perfect. It is firmly and forcibly painted; and attracts as much attention in the room, as Mr. Brougham himself does when he rises to address the House of Commons.

No. 129. *The Vale of Avoca; or the Meeting of the Waters in the County of Wicklow.* J. Glover.—A grand and beautiful feature in the present exhibition. Mr. Glover's talents must always distinguish him; and we have to observe, with reference to his other works in this collection, that they appear to us to bear the marks of greater attention to variety in style and effect than at any former period of his practice. We were especially struck with the interest communicated to No. 352, *Moel Vahmor, near Mold, North Wales; seen from the house where Wilson lived and died.*

No. 149. *Slugs in their Paddock, on Windsor Forest.* R. B. Davis.—There is great lightness and clearness in the style of Mr. Davis's works. The varied and picturesque forms which he has introduced into this production are very delightful. We are also much pleased with the gallant bearing of his *Royal Hunt* (No. 47); and the simplicity and contrast of No. 259, *Studies of a Mule, from South America, presented to his Majesty, give it great value.*

No. 90. *Landscape, Composition, Moonlight.* T. C. Hoffman.—This fine picture belongs to the classical in art. It appears to us that the sentiment which it conveys is so much in accordance with that of a description in Beckford's Letters, that we are induced to quote the

passage. "Nothing can surpass a summer's night in Italy: a bright moon—a clear sky—a temperature the most desirable—music in the streets—and contentment every where." Substitute "groves" for "streets," and "contemplation" for "contentment;" and you have the character of this and most of Mr. Hoffman's moonlights. There is a mellowness in the colouring of the present work that is very charming.

No. 144. *A Sportsman*. A. Fraser.—We have frequently had occasion to observe the advantage which our artists derive from the frequent exhibitions of the works of the old masters, by which they are enabled, without servile copying, to incorporate a portion of the excellences of the Flemish and other schools into their own works. Mr. Fraser's *Sportsman* is a very successful proof of this benefit. Although entirely different in composition and character, those who remember the *Card Players*, in his Majesty's collection, lately exhibited in the British Gallery, will immediately perceive what has, in point of light and effect, originated the able performance under our notice.

No. 133. *The Boudoir*. J. Inskipp.—This artist has been for some time steadily advancing towards excellence. Brilliant and varied colours undoubtedly belong to such a subject as the Boudoir; and so far they are in the present work characteristic: but these may be carried too far; and care ought to be taken not to violate good taste for the sake of attraction. No. 207, *The Tyro*, also by Mr. Inskipp, is a beautiful example of pictorial skill.

No. 22. *Church of St. Walfran, Abbeville*. D. Roberts.—To state the name of this artist, and the number and title of his picture, must be sufficient to direct the visitor to that which will always be found worthy of attention. We do not think that Mr. Roberts can carry his present style of execution beyond what it has already attained, and which is so perfectly suitable to his subjects, that we should much regret to see him change it. What we have just said of him is equally applicable to several others, whose works we have so recently noticed in our remarks on the British Gallery, that we shall abstain in the present instance from any detailed criticism on them,—as, in fact, it would savour of repetition.

**DIORAMA IN THE REGENT'S PARK.**—The Diorama opened to the public on Monday last, with two new subjects, viz. the Interior of the Cloister of St. Wandrille, in Normandy, painted by M. Bouton; and the Village of Unterseen, in Switzerland, painted by M. Dauguerre. In all former exhibitions at this establishment, the views of interiors have greatly excelled the out-of-door views: in the present, the advantage is decidedly on the other side. The Village of Unterseen is unquestionably the most extraordinary triumph of the dioramic art that we have yet witnessed. So magical is the effect, that it would be impossible for a spectator, not previously prepared, to suppose for a moment that he was gazing merely at a plane, variously coloured. No doubt would ever occur to his mind that he was looking into the village itself—with its rudely paved street, and its picturesque *châlets*, with their curious, overhanging roofs, surrounding galleries, and other ornaments and accompaniments. All that would surprise him would be the perfect and continued stillness of the scene; and that, on so beautiful a day, and in so lovely a neighbourhood, no human being was moving about

in any direction. Description cannot give the slightest notion of this wonderful illusion; it must be seen to be appreciated. If we were not unwilling to "hint a fault," we would say, that the distance is less absolutely deceptive than the rest of the picture.—The Interior of the Cloister of St. Wandrille is also very fine, and does great credit to the talents of M. Bouton; but we do not think it equal to some of its predecessors. This is perhaps owing to the inferiority of the subject. The parts of which the composition is made up are more numerous, and therefore smaller and less interesting than in some former works of a similar character. The general gloom, however, and the occasional and partial admission of sunlight, are managed with exceeding skill. There is a plank represented in the fore-ground, over which we are hardly yet convinced that it would not be very easy to break our shins. The gentle agitation, by the breeze, of the clouds, and of the leaves between the columns, highly delights the younger portion of the spectators, and ought to be offensive to nobody; but we strongly recommend the nailing-up of the door. Its sudden opening is destitute of meaning or consequence, and diminishes rather than increases the general effect.

**EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.**—At the Gallery in Maddox Street, an Exhibition of a most interesting description has just been opened; consisting of some twenty *chef-d'œuvres* of great masters. Four of the magnificent frescos rescued from the palace near Venice, of which we have frequently spoken, are finely placed on the upper part of the walls, and have a surpassing effect. A large and superb landscape by Gaspar Poussin, of the highest classic style, is fitly accompanied by the famous Malmaison Claude, possessing throughout the purity of a diamond; and other pieces, hardly inferior, by that fascinating painter of nature. By the side of these are the Niobe and other landscapes by Wilson—and well do they prove his title to be called the English Claude: they are the foremost of his admirable works. A figure by Salvator, a head by Rembrandt, a group by Giorgione, a small landscape by Rubens, another by Gainsborough, a small but perfect Teniers, a Berchem, two Schalkens, an Augustino Caracci, &c. &c. render this, though not a numerous Gallery, one of the most delightful that can be visited, and a complete school in which to study the manners of all the artists we have named.

An idle report having been circulated, and reached us, that Sir William Beechey had discontinued his professional practice, we are happy to have it in our power to contradict the rumour. So far from its being founded in truth, that distinguished painter, whose works adorn so many of our royal and noble residences, besides having just finished a portrait of the Marchioness of Aylesbury, and another of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, has nearly completed a fancy picture of Flora dispensing her gifts, for the Earl of Egremont. In such a subject we shall look for another example of the artist's brilliancy of colour, and delicacy and attention to nature.

M. GERARD.—This distinguished French artist has just finished a picture, which he is about to present to the chapel of the Hospital of Maria-Theresa (founded by Madame Châteaubriand), and of which report speaks very highly. It represents St. Theresa at the moment when,

in the midst of her pious prayers and meditations, the heavens open, and discover to her the God whom she has been invoking. The conception of the picture is said to be singularly happy; and the execution in M. Gérard's best style,—full of harmony, delicacy, and sweetness.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### THE HOME OF DREAMS.

"The forms that come on the twilight's wing,  
Shaped by the soul's imagining." *Prud.*

WHENCE do ye come, ye fairy Dreams,  
That flash on our sleep with your broken gleams?  
Fair mockeries of reality!

Tell me, where may your dwellings be?  
Whether in brightness or gloom ye come—  
Where, fickle wanderers, where is your home?

Do ye lie in the time of the sun-lit hours  
Hid in the blossoms of fragrant flowers,  
While the rich tint of your light wings vies  
With the hues of your painted canopies—  
Do you rest all day in sweet tents like these,  
Till called to your work by the evening breeze?

Or are the waters your places of rest—  
Float ye along on the rivulet's breast?  
And are your darker shadows fraught  
With gloom and strife from the ocean-storm  
caught?

Or are they your mystical voices that come  
From the fount?—are the waters indeed your  
home?

Or do ye love, sweet Dreams, to shroud  
Yourselves in the fleecy fold of a cloud,  
And, borne in that pilotless bark on high,  
To sail all day through the clear blue sky,  
Catching sweet sounds and glimpses of light,  
And hoarding them up for your tasks at night?

Or are ye things of another sphere,  
Allowed, while we slumber, to wander here—  
Spirits that flit by the couch of rest,  
To whisper peace to the troubled breast?—  
Perhaps, though in mercy to mortals given,  
Perhaps, fair visions, your home is heaven.

"Nay—for if we were heavenly things,  
We should bear no gloom on our glorious wings.  
'Tis ours, when the tearful eyes are closed,  
And the weary senses to sleep composed,  
To lead the soul, in the silence of night,  
Back to the scenes of its past delight.

We are but the memories of vanished years,  
The thoughts of long-past smiles and tears—  
Or else thy hopes, that form for thee  
Visions of what is yet to be:

From thine own soul springs our light or our  
gloom—

In thine own heart thou wilt find our home."

MARY ANN BROWNE.

*Elms, Maidenhead Thicket.*

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### THOUGHTS IN PATERNOSTER ROW.

DAVID HUME, in his never-enough-to-be-admired Dialogues concerning Natural Religion, insists, in opposition to the vulgar and superstitious notion of the world having had a maker, that nothing short of actual and personal experience of the fact can justify our adopting so unphilosophical an hypothesis. Should any readers be so illiberal and bigoted as to resist the force of this argument, still they cannot but admit that the birth, education, and settlement of matter must have constituted a spectacle of such high interest, as to excite our deep lamentations at our not having been eyewitnesses thereof. Not only has the original formation of the world been hidden from us,



but its original form also; and we of these latter ages can only contemplate the five or six thousandth edition through which it has passed, with prodigious "alterations" indeed, but with comparatively few "corrections" and "improvements."

Let us, however, not repine: there is a process of creation going on within our ken—a creation as far transcending the production and arrangement of mere physical atoms, as mind transcends matter,—for does not the poet well and truly say,

"Books, we know,  
Are a substantial world, both pure and good."

And have we not here, in the heart of our metropolis, the great manufactory where these "worlds" are fabricated? Viewed in this light, Paternoster Row becomes a theme, duly to expatiate concerning which,

"Would the Briareus with his hundred hands."

I, therefore, who have but two, can only glance at a few scattered particulars.

Observe the names of the Row and its adjacencies: Paternoster, Ave Maria, Amen. This heathenish Latin may be thought to savour of popery, therefore let us place ourselves under the protecting shadow of Messrs. Bible-and-Crown Rivingtons, the literary midwives to half the establishment. The unpretending, unadorned appearance of the publications exhibited in their windows is a striking type and assurance of quiet and sober orthodoxy. Turn now to the neighbouring head-quarters of schism, and contrast the plain but wholesome viands of the church with the highly seasoned messes of the tabernacle: not only the pen, but the graver is enlisted in the cause of dissent, and neither tract nor treatise lacks its appropriate wood-cut and engraving; and yet this display is equalled, if not surpassed, by that of the catholic bookseller at the very next door. The witty biographer of the three brothers informs us, that Jack, notwithstanding all his efforts, was often mistaken for Peter; and truly natural may the mistake be deemed, if their persons resembled each other as much as their tenements. Many a worthy methodist has, I doubt not, found himself, before he was aware, gazing intently on St. Peter firmly seated on a rock, and vainly assailed by the waves of heresy; and many a catholic has been betrayed into contemplating a fearful portrait of the Beast with seven heads, a hieroglyphic which has lately been removed from the window, in consequence, it is said, of a malicious report, that it was a caricature of the greatest firm in the Row, with the other proprietors of the *Literary Gazette*, added to make up "the Number."

But this is a digression. The sacred appellations of these streets are emblematical of the close alliance which should subsist between learning and religion. Knowledge confers power, but power is twofold—it may be good, it may likewise be evil,—and infinite is the corruption which ensues when splendid talent wilfully forgets (alas, that we have seen examples in our own days!) that

"Spirits are finely touched  
But to fine issues."

The Scottish Presbytery have in their late Address deplored the growth of infidelity, and attributed it, without scruple, to the diffusion of literature. But supposing that literature has been the occasion (it never can be the cause) of the scepticism which they say prevails in Scotland, may we not ask whether this evil has not been mainly owing to the notorious deficiency of the Scottish clergy themselves in erudition, owing to the very superficial theolo-

gical education they receive? They have never been able to encounter infidels on their own ground. Hume, for instance, though by no means a profound scholar, was confessedly superior to nine-tenths (perhaps to the whole) of the ministers of the kirk in his time. With us, the very reverse of this has been the case: our clergy have always occupied the highest ranks in learning and science; and the consequence is, that no one in England can avow himself an infidel, and retain a decent place in literary society—for his infidelity would be instantly attributed to its true cause, ignorance.

Let knowledge, therefore, be diffused over the earth as widely as the atmosphere. But it may be perverted: undoubtedly; but are we to be deceived by the rite sophism of arguing from the abuse against the use? It is to be regretted that so many excellent men should have employed so pointless and brittle a weapon. To read some late publications, one would suppose it to be the serious opinion of not a few eminent individuals, that the increase and spreading of knowledge must be fatal to the Protestant faith and the British constitution; and that the only sure and firm-set basis on which they can rest is general ignorance. Even if the first most preposterous assertion were true, the last is decidedly erroneous; for a state of utter ignorance is by no means a state of security. Mr. Coleridge admirably observes—"a bad government, if the people be educated, will fall by them; if they be not educated, it will fall with them."

The transition is easy from these remarks to Knight and Lacy's establishment: what a contrast between their light and slender pamphlets, and the ponderous, over-grown folios of Baynes and Ogle. Judging from the difference in size between our volumes and those of our forefathers, we might suppose ourselves stunted and degenerate. But the fact is not so; we have not lost in absolute, for we have gained in specific gravity. Our weight is as great, our bulk only less; we are not diminished, but condensed. We have learned the art of casting an aged father of the flock into a cauldron, and there transmuting him into a young and vigorous lamb. In the number, too, of our productions we completely outdo our ancestors. The fecundity of the press is inconceivable; but it must be acknowledged that many of her offspring are still-born, many die in the birth, and many survive not their infancy. It is very desirable that literary bills of mortality should be compiled; so many books published last year on such and such subjects; so many arrived at a second edition; so many at a third, &c.; and so many expired in the first—(causes of decease need not be specified, lest repeated charges of murder should be brought against the *Literary Gazette*). If correct tables upon this plan were to be drawn up for each of the last twenty years, I have no doubt that the results would approximate so nearly, as to enable us, by means of the calculus of probabilities, to compute the chance of any given work succeeding, without the slightest reference to its merits (a point upon which authors and readers sometimes differ); and thus we might upon this basis easily found a Literary Insurance Company. If any public-spirited and opulent individuals should take the hint and establish one, they cannot do less than make me a present of at least 500 shares.

\* Yet this highly gifted author talks elsewhere about "learning being plighted, if the populace should be educated." He might just as well have said that virtue would be plighted, if the common people were all to turn honest and temperate.

the premium upon which I hereby engage and bind myself immediately to accept.

We cannot, say the economists, have enough without a superfluity; and repletion is on all hands confessed to be better than starvation. On this principle I advocate the multiplication and redundancy of books, seeing they are not only, as the ancients called them, the physic of the mind, but also its food—nutriment and medicine combined; and therefore the vendors of them are cooks and apothecaries in one, or, to speak more elegantly, they unite the culinary and pharmaceutical arts. As cooks have latterly become literary characters and written books, let not this allusion be deemed disparaging; nor the former one, wherein booksellers were likened to accoucheurs—for close and apt is the similitude. "Fer opem, Juno Lucina," was the cry of the young ladies in Rome; and "Fer opem, Murray vel Longman," is the cry of the pregnant author in London. The straits to which unhappy bards were reduced in those times when publishers did not exist, may be found most ludicrously detailed in the dialogue concerning the causes of the corruption of eloquence, usually ascribed to Tacitus. The toil and trouble of an author in collecting an audience to hear him recite his production, and the immense difficulty of wringing a few sesterces out of them when the recitation was over, are very faithfully and very humorously depicted; though the writer of the dialogue by no means considers it as any joke, having probably been the suffering party himself. But conceive the plan adopted now—a-days: the bellman sent round to announce that "Sir Walter Scott intends to read a new novel at the Freemason's Tavern. Plates held at the door to receive contributions!" Thanks to the press, an author has the whole world for an audience now!

Let us once more, as the Irish orator said, return to our subject before we leave it. The termination of Paternoster Row is as replete with moral as its beginning and middle; for when you emerge from its narrow and dusky precincts into the breadth and brightness of Cheapside, and, looking to your right and left, observe the toy-shop at one corner, and the quack (I beg pardon) patent medicine warehouse at the other, you cannot fail to be powerfully reminded by these repositories of infantine and adult imbecility, that all is vanity,—excepting, of course, the essay which concludes with this admonition. A. D.

## MUSIC.

### THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THESE concerts commenced their annual series on Monday the 25th of February, upon the old plan, with mostly the old performers and old pieces. But as these things of old are eminently good, nothing disparaging is intended to be said of them, though they have not prompted our immediate notice. If it, however, be true, as has been remarked, that the enthusiasm for these performances is rather on the decline, the want of novelty just alluded to might well account for it. A complaint has also been raised against the directors, not quite unfounded, that they introduce performers and compositions which ought to be beneath the notice of such an institution. In the first of the three concerts already given, Haydn's *sinfonia*, No. 8, in E flat, and Beethoven's in C, delighted every ear. Madame Caradori's and Signora Brambilla's duet from *Semiramide*, "Ebbene e te," was also charmingly executed. The next we have to name, as deserving of high encomium, is Mr. Oury, for his violin concerto, composed

by Kreutzer and De Beriot. He is a native of this country, a pupil of Kreutzer, Lafont, and the late Kiesewetter. As a solo performer he appeared here for the first time, and his success was complete. His playing reminded us strongly of Kiesewetter, even in a certain trickery of bowing, in which that great master indulged.

In the second concert, on the 10th of March, the symphonies and overtures of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, were excellent; and the same must be said of Beethoven's violin quintett in C, by Messrs. Mori, Watta, Moralt, Lyon, and Lindley. Respecting Mr. J. B. Cramer's concerto on the pianoforte (strangely enough by himself and Mozart), there was not that unanimity of opinion which we have witnessed on former occasions. According to our judgment, he was as elegant as ever, but certainly less effective. A greater failure than the scena, "Per pietà," by Madame Klingner, a German lady, was perhaps never heard.

The third concert, on the 24th inst., opened with Beethoven's magnificent sinfonia in C minor; and the enthusiasm with which the whole audience expressed their delight, more than balanced the disappointment they had to endure from Onslow's quintett, played by Messrs. Weichsel, Watta, Oury, Lindley, and Dragonetti. Much of this disappointment is certainly to be charged to Mr. Onslow, otherwise an excellent composer; but some part of it also to Messrs. Weichsel and Dragonetti, who were occasionally out of time. Miss Childie, from the Royal Academy of Music, was deservedly received with the most encouraging applause. Madame Puzzi gave less satisfaction, especially in the trio "Cruda sorte," with Miss Childie and Mr. Braham.

**THE MELODISTS' CLUB.**—This Musical Society, for the encouragement of native melody and ballad compositions, has announced a grand concert for next month; and also the design of giving medals for the best productions in that style which it is its object to cultivate. On Thursday next, it is stated, the Duke of Sussex will attend the ordinary monthly meeting, as a visitor. His Royal Highness's taste in music makes this compliment both an honour to the members, and an act of condescension well calculated to increase the prosperity of the Institution.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Thalia: a Selection of Favourite Pieces for the Spanish Guitar, by the most eminent Composers. Selected and Fingered by T. Eulenstein. Nos. I. to VI. W. Davis.*

MR. EULENSTEIN'S extraordinary performances on the Guimbar, or Jew's-harp, have excited very general admiration; but though his exquisite tones and modulations of sound on that instrument shewed that his ear was fine, his taste perfect, and his skill in music great, it was not so manifest that he was a sweet composer of original pieces, as well as an elegant arranger of the ideas of others. The present publication, however, of which six monthly parts have appeared, affords abundant proof of the latter: we have never heard any selections better adapted to the guitar (of which instrument Mr. E. is an accomplished teacher), fitter for the hand of learners, or more pleasing in themselves. Their variety is at once considerable and delightful: Giuliani, Carulli, Diabelli, Dussek, and Weber, are the principal contributors; and they shine in all the changes of march, anthem, air, romance, waltz, ballad, minuet, rondo, and country dance, excellently arranged. The

*Minstrel Knight*, by Dussek, is one of the prettiest things that can be imagined for the instrument and voice, and will, we are sure, become very popular.

#### DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.

CHANGES of Otellos, Tancrédus, Crociatos, and occasionally Clemenzas, which have formed the chief varieties of the past season here, offer little for criticism, and our notices have consequently been brief. The silly fuss made by the partisans of Pasta and Velluti has not tempted us into the discussion of the very important points at issue between them: the public must, we think, be sick of the frivolous subject, which has absolutely filled many newspaper columns. The malignity of some of the many paragraphs, however, deserves reprobation; such, for instance, as one which has gone the round of the Journals, announcing that "Madame Pasta will shortly appear in a new opera, *La Sposa Infedele*, composed expressly for her by Richeraud," the insinuated slander of which must disgust every candid mind.

In the dancing department there has been a very pretty divertissement produced: no grand ballet, spectacle, or ballet d'action, however, to gladden our eyes—but pure French dancing; so very French indeed, as to surpass our powers of apprehension.

Every exertion is making to produce novelty after Easter. Laporte is now at Paris concluding his treaty with the ineffable Sontag, who is to make her *début* in *La Donna del Lago*. Pasta and she are to be brought out together. De Begnis is to appear with Zuchelli. The idea of bringing over Pisame is, we are told, abandoned.

##### DERRY LAKE.

*Othello*, or *Three-fingered Jack*, has been revived here with success.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

ON Saturday an apology was made for Mr. Kean in *Othello*, and the part was undertaken by Mr. C. Kemble, whose conception and execution of it as a whole, from beginning to end, gave the crowded audience no cause to regret their cheerful acceptance of him as a substitute. The play-bill for Thursday is a droll example of hotch-potch. It announces, in the usual way, *Othello* to be acted ("to-morrow"), and gives the list of the dramatis personee,—"*Othello*, Mr. Kean; *Iago*, Mr. Young; *Cassio*, Mr. C. Kemble;" but, as if this were not sufficient, there appears on the same bill, after the characters of the farce, a reiteration of the leading part, viz.—"The public is most respectfully informed, that *Othello* will positively be repeated to-morrow. *Othello*, Mr. Kean; *Iago*, Mr. Young; *Cassio*, Mr. C. Kemble." Assurance being thus made doubly sure, it really happened that the public did not meet with any disappointment.

##### ORATORIOS.

ON Friday last, Madame Caradori Allan graced the oratorio of the evening; and between the first and second part, Mons. Labarre played a fantasia on the harp, in which he introduced the airs, "My lodging is on the cold ground," and "St. Patrick's Day;" the variations upon which he performed with astonishing execution and spirit, particularly in "St. Patrick's Day," which he gave in true Irish style, and which was encored.

On Wednesday, Signor De Begnis was announced in the bills; but as he did not make

his appearance until long after the time specified, his reception at first was far from cordial: however, Mr. Bishop having made his apology, by stating that Signor De Begnis had no intention of neglecting his duty, and that his tardiness on the present occasion was owing to some mistake, he was most enthusiastically hailed and encored in three successive pieces,—two from *Il Barbiere*, and the third, "A Composer giving directions to the Orchestra," which he sung with great spirit and animation. Madame Pasta and Mademoiselle Brambilla sang the duet of "Questo cor ti giura amore," by Rossini, exquisitely, and were encored. Mr. Braham sang, "Deeper and deeper still," from *Jephtha*, with much pathos; and the popular song of "Nelson" in such a spirited style, that it was enthusiastically encored. Miss Shirreff sang the ballad of "O softly sleep, my baby boy," with her usual sweetness and expression. At the end of the first part of the performance, Monsieur Vogt, from Paris, played a fantasia on the oboe, in which the air "Sweet home" was introduced with great taste and execution.

We must not forget to mention the orchestral performances, which, generally speaking, have gone very well at these concerts: the overture to *Euryanthe* and Romberg's overture had a remarkably fine effect on Wednesday.

GRIMALDI, senior, the best actor, perhaps, that ever contented himself with the name of Clown upon the English stage, bade it farewell last Monday week at Sadler's Wells. He was far superior to the best performers in his line that we ever saw; for, besides the extravagant powers of feature and muscle which are not uncommon in the tribe, he possessed a rich fund of genuine comic humour, and a ready wit to apply it. Such matters as the oyster crossed in love, were, in his hands, irresistibly laughable; and we regret to hear that ill health, not years, is the cause of removing one from the dramatic scene, who has contributed so largely to the innocent amusement of the public.

#### VARIETIES.

**Geognosy.**—Professor Engelhardt, of the University of Dorpat, has lately made a geognostic journey among the Oural Mountains, during which he has examined with the greatest care the various and extensive mines of iron, copper, gold, &c. with which that lofty and extensive range of hills abounds.

**Hippopotamus.**—The head of one of these mighty animals, well preserved, with the skin upon it, is to be seen in St. James's Street. Though curious as an article in a museum of natural history, we are afraid it is insufficient for an exhibition. The forms of the teeth and tusks, however, by which the food is submitted to an operation like grinding, are worthy of remark.

**Costume of 1828.**—The First Lord of the Treasury and Premier attended the levee on Thursday, in the dress of a Colonel of the Guards, with white duck trousers!!

We observe, from the *Bristol Mirror*, that a new Altar-piece has been painted by Mr. King for St. Thomas's church in that city. The subject is the conviction of St. Thomas; and the moment of time which the painter has embodied is that of the incredulous apostle expressing his belief in the identity of Christ, by the energetic exclamation of, "My Lord and my God!" The picture is very large, and contains twelve figures, arranged in three groups. "We hope," says the editor, after describing the work, "that the example thus given by the vestry of



St. Thomas will influence other parishes, so that there may be no longer any cause for complaining that our city is deficient in affording encouragement to works of art."

**Natural Virifications.**—It is well known, that on the highest mountains tubes of vitrified matter have been found, the exact mode of the production of which has hitherto been undiscovered; but which natural philosophers have in general ascribed to the effects of lightning falling on a sandy soil, and melting and vitrifying the sand to a greater or less depth. All doubt on the subject is now removed, by similar tubes having been seen instantly formed in places where lightning has fallen. M. Fiedler, a young German philosopher, has collected several in Germany, which he has presented, through M. Arago, to the French Academy. They are remarkably large: one is above nineteen feet long. It is difficult to conceive how the discharge of an electrical cloud can melt and vitrify a mass of sand so dense. A similar effect could scarcely be produced by the most intense furnaces.

**Monument to the Memory of George III.**—A meeting of the subscribers to this monument has been summoned to the Thatched House, for next Wednesday; when it is proposed to appropriate the fund which has been realised. Though not adequate to the grand original design, it is sufficient, we understand, for an ornament to the metropolis, and a grateful tribute to our revered king.

**Steelyard.**—A new steelyard has been invented in France, which is said to possess greater accuracy than the description of that machine hitherto in use. One of the improvements in the new invention, is the ease with which it can be verified. The divisions, which are marked on the long arm of the beam, begin from a zero point; that is, from a point at which the travelling weight places the machine in exact equilibrium, when no weight is attached to the short arm of the beam. This enables the most ignorant persons to judge at once of the correctness of its construction.

**Travels.**—The celebrated traveller Edward Rippel is on the point of setting out for Abyssinia, with the purpose of exploring those parts which have not hitherto been visited by any European. The senate of Frankfort, by an unanimous resolution, has granted him 1000 florins of annual income for the ensuing seven or eight years, as well in acknowledgment of his former services, as to enable him, agreeably to his wish, to continue his scientific travels and researches.

**Russia.**—The University formerly at Abo has been transferred to the new capital of Finland, Helsingfors; and is to bear the name of "Alexander's University."

**Greek Coining.**—There are at Hydra and Spezia between twenty and thirty regular manufactories of false money, which are not only tolerated, but supported by the members of the government. They coin Spanish dollars, as well as paras, and all kinds of Turkish money; and this false coin is made an object of traffic with the Maltese and the Ionians, who carry it into Egypt and Turkey, there to sell it again, or to circulate it fraudulently by means of their agents.—*Foreign Journal.*

**Flying.**—A writer in the last Number of the *Mechanic's Magazine* has given a curious paper on the means of flying, through the agency of machinery. He proposes to give men the power of impelling rotatory wings, and imitating beetles, rather than birds, in their means of flight. Without the diagrams, we

cannot elucidate this proposition; but as soon as we see any body taking an aerial excursion of this kind, we shall not fail to describe it accurately, for the benefit of our pedestrian and equestrian readers.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Rumours are abroad of another illustrious bonfire in the world of letters. It is said that the elegant author of many popular works had recently amused himself with writing a small volume entitled *Familiar Epistles from Captain Rock to his Majesty the King*; that this volume was printed; and that the whole impression (5000 copies) was put into the flames on the eve of publication, in consequence of a legal opinion signed by a certain eminent barrister and statesman, to the effect: "there is libel in every sentence, and sedition in every page"—no, not the whole impression; for, strange to say, this story comes to us from Edinburgh, where our informant saw and perused a copy now in the possession of an eminent wit and critic of "the north country." Our friend adds, that the suppressed work is as remarkable for its wit as for its wickedness. Captain Rock's account of the breaking-up of the late cabinet excited, in particular, his highest admiration,\* and that chapter, he says, might be, and ought to be, given to the public.

Mr. Lockhart has nearly completed his *Life of Robert Burns*, for Constable's Miscellany; and for those who are already in possession of the best editions of the poet's works, a small impression in octavo, in Ballantyne's best style, is also preparing. Both editions are to be embellished with a full-length portrait of Burns, engraved by Miller after Naysmith.

The proprietor of *Robson's Views of English Cities* has announced his intention of destroying some of the copperplates, after 800 impressions on small paper are worked. This is certainly a laudable procedure to preserve the value of the whole work, protect the property of the original subscribers, and secure the credit of the artists and proprietor.

Mr. Britton announces a continuation of this publication, or rather a new one, to illustrate the Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities, consisting of Views of Castles, Bars or Gates, old Houses, Street Views, &c.

**Arabic Literature.**—A very complete French and Arabic Dictionary, by Eliezer de la Motte, late Professor of Arabic in the Ecole Royale des Langues Orientales at Paris, is now publishing, under the patronage of Clermont Tonnerre, by Cousin de Perceval. This work, it is stated, will surpass every ancient and modern Arabic Dictionary extant.

**In the Press.**—A Narrative of Memorable Events in Paris, during the approach of the Allied Armies, and their occupancy of that city, being extracts from the *Journal of an English Detenue*, who made notes of every day's occurrences: also an Account of Napoleon's Journey to, Residence at, and Return from, Elba.—*Knights' Modern and Antique Gems*, from drawings by C. Vining, &c. with appropriate Notes and Quotations to each subject.

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Friday	.. 21	—	—	—	—
Saturday	.. 22	—	—	—	—
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Monday	.. 24	—	—	—	—
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Prevailing wind N. and S.W.  
Generally clear; frequent hail storms.  
Rain fallen .15 of an inch.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 38" N.  
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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

At the conclusion of the first quarter of 1828, we beg particularly to suggest to our new subscribers the expediency of making good their preceding Nos. for the year, if they wish to preserve perfect volumes of the *Literary Gazette*. The constant increase of its circulation soon absorbs the extra provision made by the publisher in anticipation of that demand; and to avoid disappointments to our friends on the one hand, and the great expense of many reprints on the other, is the object of the present notice. We observe from advertisements, that occasionally (once or twice in a twelvemonth, perhaps) a complete set of the *Gazette* gets into the market at an advanced price; and that volumes from the earliest period at which they can be got, are always in request; and under these circumstances we are desirous to impress upon our recent subscribers the advantage of securing what they want as early as possible.

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The Manchester Lines to an Infant are pleasing, but the subject is very trite.

The work alluded to by a Constant Reader, dated "India House," was reviewed in our No. 558.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—It was only on Friday that we were informed of, and late on Saturday evening, before we saw your Notice to Correspondents in the *Literary Gazette* of the 15th instant, securing us of "impudent imposition" in giving an extract as from the *Literary Gazette* of the 2d of February, concerning the Novel of "Uncle Peregrine's Heiress." We plead guilty to the mistake of printing *Literary Gazette* instead of *Literary Chronicle*, which was the paper we meant to refer to, and which paper we enclose to you, marking the critique from which we made the extract; but we totally disclaim any idea of imposition; indeed, we should be very weak to attempt it, as it could be contradicted immediately. The concluding paragraph of your notice, if referring to us, we totally deny, in the most explicit terms.

We are, Sir, your most obedient servants,  
A. K. NEWMAN and Co.

Leadenhall Street, 24th March, 1828.

\* It gave us great pleasure to receive the foregoing statement, especially as our original impression had been strengthened by meeting with a repetition of the advertisement in question in the *Globe and Traveller*. But although, as it respects ourselves, Messrs. Newman and Co.'s examination is perfectly satisfactory, we cannot say that we doubt whether it will be thought so by those who may have purchased *Uncle Peregrine's Heiress*, in consequence of being, however unintentionally, led into the error of believing that it was a work which had been favourably noticed in the *Literary Gazette*.





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